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CURRENT COMMENT.

WHEN Mr. Stanley Baldwin came into office, not a few of his enthusiastic admirers asserted that the accession of such a successful business man meant the salvation of Europe, and that the new Premier would speedily find a magical solution for the problem of the Ruhr. It is now clear that Mr. Baldwin has no more magic than his predecessor, and after some weeks of waiting for him to produce a new Europe out of his conjuror's hat, the British press of all shades of opinion has burst into woeful lamentations over the state of affairs, mingled with vituperations against the villainous M. Poincaré. Suggestions for ending the destructive deadlock in the Ruhr are many and various. The *Manchester Guardian*, organ of trade and liberalism, suggests a truce, with a cessation of passive resistance on one side and of expulsions and forced production on the other, with possibly a resumption of indemnity-payments, pending some sort of conference. Writing in the *New Leader*, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, head of the Labour party, also suggests a truce, but he is even more indefinite about ways and means. Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, in the conservative *Spectator*, would have Germany surrender her future unreservedly into the hands of the British Government and agree to do whatever Downing Street decides must be done. "The Germans will never repent that action!" exclaims Mr. Strachey, in an outburst of enthusiasm about the good intentions of his Government.

ALAS! while Mr. Strachey and other wise men of Britain are busily paving Europe with good intentions, the wicked M. Poincaré, backed by his solid *bloc* of 400 deputies, reiterates that offers of settlement from the German Government are meaningless to him and that he will enter into no discussions until German passive resistance has ended. His words are bold and sure, as is befitting a political leader who must face a trial by election within the next few months. Yet, despite his debonair attitude, the facts of the matter probably worry him more than a little. For over half a year he has been throttling the bird that is supposed to lay the golden indemnities, and the result is scarcely up to expectations. So, while before the public M. Poincaré is a model of unyielding confidence, his real moves in the game are cloaked in deepest mystery. He holds conferences with the wavering Belgians, but not a word is allowed to reach the ears of the vulgar. For several weeks he has been conducting negotiations of

some sort with the British Government, but the nature of these is a dark secret.

MEANWHILE the French press boils with hatred against perfidious Albion, and the British press bubbles with moral indignation against wanton Marianne. Each Government orders greater flocks of airplanes. A neutral perusal of the editorials indicates that the Entente is at the breaking point, and yet if one turns to Lausanne, it appears to be operating harmoniously. As opposed to the American interloper with his claims to Turkish concessions, John and Marianne are two souls with but a single thought. As opposed to Russian pretensions also they apparently stand united. If one views these various and seemingly unreconcilable phenomena with a dispassionate eye, one concludes that it is not unlikely that these old comrades in loot may find some secret formula to compose their differences in the Ruhr at the expense of a third party. The difficulty is to find a solvent third party.

THIS difficulty, however, seems to mean little to the French extremists. The mysterious conferences between their Government and Lord Curzon have moved them to a refreshing candour concerning the object of the occupation of the Ruhr. For instance, Deputy Marcel Habert recently declared in the French Chamber that "At last the legend of the Rhine-gold is fulfilled. The days fixed by destiny have come; it is the Twilight of the Gods. The ring of the Nibelungen has slipped from their fingers, and France has thrown tumbling down the Valhalla of William II. She holds the treasures of the stream in the riches of the Ruhr." Being interpreted, this magniloquence means that France—or so M. Habert at any rate believes—has accomplished its age-old desire to control the wealth of the Rhine country, and thereby to control the economic destiny of Europe. In fact, M. Habert went on more prosaically to state as much. "I do not ask for the restoration of the Empire of Charlemagne, but I claim that if reconciliation is impossible between France and Germany, we can at least force an economic entente. . . . A great country can never in these days reach its full greatness unless it possesses coal, and we have only a little. But if by occupation of the Ruhr we can arrive at an economic entente, if we can make Germans and French alike understand that they must share the mines of the Ruhr, then I believe that the peace of Europe will be assured." M. Habert's speech was "wildly cheered" by the Chamber.

ALL this, in our opinion, sounds a good deal better than it is. France is to control the iron of Lorraine, and France and Germany are to share the coal of the Ruhr—if the German industrialists, that is, can be brought to accept the domination of the French industrialists. This hardly looks like a plan for French and German co-operation in exploiting the riches of the Rhine Valley. It looks a good deal more like a plan of exploitation under the control of French industrialists, with German industrialists holding a minority-interest in the enterprise, and the people of France and Germany and the rest of Europe paying the price. It is just as well that the French people should be quite clear in their minds about the object of

their Government in occupying a large section of Germany at great expense, incidentally paralysing German and French industrial life, and inflicting every kind of outrage upon the population of the occupied territory. Such speeches as this of M. Habert are a contribution to the cause of truth, and as such are to be heartily welcomed. It is interesting, by the way, to note that on the same day that M. Habert stated the aims of France, M. Poincaré made a plea for "volunteers in every country to fight with tongue and pen to combat the German propaganda which distorts our thoughts and actions and travesties our whole intention." This is a little embarrassing; M. Poincaré does not seem to realize that for the past six months the most effective propagandists for the German cause have been French statesmen and the French forces of occupation in the Ruhr.

THE encouraging feature of this situation is the decline of the French franc. As we go to press, the franc has gone down to a record level of seventeen and one-half to the dollar. If the decline continues, the small-investing landed proprietors, who are the mainstay of M. Poincaré's Government and the backbone of his policy, will quickly discover that they are being taken in. Up to the present, M. Poincaré has kept their cupidity on edge by promises to make Germany pay. When their currency loses value, they will probably perceive that M. Poincaré's collection-scheme is not a collection-scheme at all, but a reckless and highly expensive venture in imperialism. Hence, the lower the franc goes, the deeper the sense of satisfaction that peace-loving people, the world over, should feel.

FRENCH politicians say that the franc is being deliberately driven down by a conspiracy of British and American financiers, in order to force the French Government to modify its aggressive policy against Germany. This may be true, and we rather hope it is, but we have our doubts. Possibly the fall of the franc is due to natural causes. The last French loan, while it was a success on paper, really brought out very little new money; and it has long been expected that when the bills began to come in this autumn, the franc would drop. In fact, as much as two months ago, speculators in London had begun to do quite a bit of quiet gambling on this probability. It was expected that the drop would come in September, but unless the present movement is transitory, it seems to have come somewhat ahead of the gamblers' schedule. It can not come too soon, however, or be too precipitous.

A RECENT cablegram from Rome is calculated to create an impression which should immediately be corrected, if indeed the impression be a false one. According to the dispatch in question, the Pope is urging the Powers concerned in the question of the Ruhr to suspend any action which will make an understanding impossible; in particular, the Pope has informed the German Government that he "deeply regrets to hear of acts of sabotage in the occupied territories, and [of] other crimes, under the pretext of passive resistance"; and he asks the German Government "once for all to condemn such criminal resistance." This leaves us wondering whether the Pope has condemned the attack of the French as severely as the resistance of the Germans, but here the dispatch is discreetly silent. If the Pope has spoken in terms of equivalent severity to the French Government, the Papal Curia should give the message full publicity, for otherwise there be folk who will say that the conversations between the Vatican and the Quai d'Orsay have issued in a veiled alliance.

HAVING talked from the Mississippi to the Coast, Mr. Harding has sailed into the silent spaces of the North;

and according to most of the observers who accompanied him across the continent, his rhetorical efforts did not appreciably advance his political fortunes. His vaguely benevolent offerings would have got over well enough in McKinley's day; but a lot of water has slipped down the Mississippi since that placid and uncritical time. The West was then a solid domain of the Grand Old Party, and Roosevelt managed to hold its imagination; but during the twenty years in which privilege has gained steadily at the expense of the general population, the old political slogans have lost their potency, and the western States have slipped out of the fold. The natives were even more cold to Mr. Harding's World Court than to Mr. Wilson's League; they regarded with suspicion his plans for a consolidation of railways, and likewise his general aspirations for the development of natural resources; and even his promise to strike hard liquor from the lips of Eastern millionaires roused little enthusiasm. These things, alas! lift no farm-mortgages. By force of circumstances the good people of the West are compelled to test political values more and more by the necessities of their daily lives; and hence, where they are concerned, the path of the Great White Father is becoming crowded with embarrassments.

IT is now over half a year since the Allied diplomats sat down to draft a peace-treaty with the representatives of the Turkish people, and it begins to look as if the Lausanne conference might have to adopt Mr. Harding's suggestion made for the World Court, and resolve itself into a self-perpetuating body. Apparently as far as foreign bankers and concession-mongers are concerned, the glad old days are gone in Turkey for ever. The Turkish delegates have stood firm in their position that visitors from the larger nations shall no longer be above the law in their country. They refuse to give foreign bankers a charter to run their financial affairs and pyramid their obligations, as in the old days. They insist on the right to dispose of their natural resources on their own terms. As the worthy London *Times* complains feelingly, the Turks no longer are inclined to yield concessions on demand, they actually consider them as favours to be bargained for. Did one ever hear of such impudent blighters?

THE fact is that the new Turkey is a symbol of the revolution in thought that has swept over the Eastern peoples. They are no longer hypnotized by the idea that the Occidental Governments possess peculiar sources of power, efficiency and practical common sense. They never trusted the West, and the course of events has destroyed their respect for it. Indeed, how could respect have survived the recent period of murderous insanity in Europe, in which every Government cloaked its sordid aims in the most monstrous hypocrisies? The war filled the Eastern peoples with disillusion; the Russian revolution taught them that Western imperialism could be beaten, and also gave them visions of a new birth of freedom. The East has suffered a psychological change, and it is essentially this that sent Lord Curzon stalking home in futile anger from the first conference at Lausanne and caused M. Poincaré to break into volcanic threats which moved Angora not a jot from its quiet purpose. Probably a treaty will be signed only after the Western politicians have bowed to the inevitable and recognized the transformation.

Now that the Washington naval treaty has had its insignificance made fully manifest to all the world, the French Chamber of Deputies has ratified it. It now goes to the Senate, where some action on it may develop next autumn, and again may not. The debate in the Chamber lasted

only four hours, which was quite enough to bring out the fact that the treaty meant nothing, one way or the other, and therefore it might as well be ratified as allowed to hang fire any longer. M. Poincaré gracefully supported the ratification, pointing out that it put no restriction on light cruisers and submarines; which are all that have any interest for France. His support is significant. Any-one who was not born yesterday would cheerfully bet his last dollar that since M. Poincaré supports the treaty, there is nothing in it to dam the flow of militarism. Still, probably the ratification will be hailed by forward lookers in this country as a great triumph for something or other, Heaven knows what.

WHILE on the subject of prize humbugs, we may mention that, according to recent dispatches, the precious League of Nations gave its own measure last week by white-washing the Saar Commission and expressing the pious hope that sooner or later, "when conditions warranted," the French garrison would be withdrawn. The Saar Commission, it will be remembered, is the body which some time ago issued an edict against any acts or words deprecatory of the treaty of Versailles. When this beautiful bit of bureaucratic tyranny became known, it raised such a commotion, especially in England, that the edict was withdrawn; and now the League's Council passes a resolution of confidence in the Commission, and we read that "the resolution did not discuss the decree curbing the right of free speech, as the ordinance had been withdrawn. Lord Robert Cecil and M. Hanotaux made speeches of felicitation"!

ALL of which tends to depress one's confidence in the League of Nations, if perchance any remnants of confidence have survived the advocacy of the League's own friends in this country; which is doubtful. These brethren have developed an aptitude at pettifogging that would make a cat forsake her kittens in sheer disgust. We remark in this connexion that the World Court of Justice has just received, according to the Associated Press, "a new assignment of importance," in the shape of the dispute set up by Poland's grab of some lands held by Germans. The dispute, says the dispatch, "hinges on who are entitled to be recognized as Germans, and who as Poles." Well, now, without knowing any too much about the issue involved, we think we can make a fair anticipation of the court's decision.

THE daily press has generally hailed as a great humanitarian triumph the letter which Mr. Harding drew from Judge Gary and his associates in the American Iron and Steel Institute, setting forth their acceptance "in principle" of the idea of abolishing the twelve-hour day, and expressing, not very emphatically, their belief that the long shift can be done away with "when there is a surplus of labour available." For some years similar hopes have been expressed from time to time by the steel-makers, but on each occasion some obstacle has loomed up to postpone to a vague to-morrow any curtailment of the long working-day. Some time ago a rearrangement was declared impracticable because of technical and mechanical difficulties; to-day a shortage of labour is the excuse offered. In the face of Judge Gary's plaintive lament about the scarcity of labour, Mr. Heber Blankenhorn, head of the Bureau of Industrial Research, asserts that the steel-companies have been turning away applicants for work. Mr. Harding's characterization of the discreetly qualified statement of the steel-directors as a "notable forward step" in industrial evolution, seems, in the circumstances, a bit premature and over-enthusiastic. It is hardly likely, moreover, to hoodwink many voters.

LORD CURZON, more in sorrow than in anger, has r'ared up in the House of Lords and knocked Mr. Hughes's proposal to establish a twelve-mile limit for rum-runners into a cocked hat. Doubtless his declaration causes no surprise to Mr. Hughes. There was never any prospect that the European Governments would consent to a twelve-mile limit for any purpose. Mr. Hughes's diplomatic suggestion evoked a rousing cheer from the prohibitionist brethren, and thus it served its purpose. Meanwhile, now that the Federal enforcement-agents are actually confiscating stocks of liquor on British ships in our ports, the flippant comment in the British press on American vagaries has changed to anger and bitterness. It is only a question of time when the clamour will become a serious embarrassment to a British Administration that finds itself in a world of embarrassments. Probably if Mr. Harding's confiscators continue to impound good British liquor, Lord Curzon will sooner or later be compelled to issue to Washington one of his stern ultimatums. Apparently Uncle Sam faces a diplomatic warfare in which all the Allies are ranged on the other side and only the cohorts of William Anderson and Dr. Bowlby can be counted on to follow the flag.

AN interesting theory is being advanced to account for the growing popularity of life-insurance in large sums. We read the other day a list of twenty-two men in New York City who carry policies of more than one million dollars each, and eight who carry policies of an even million each. The theory is that this is a scheme to enable one's family to beat the inheritance-tax. As such, it looks good on the face of it. All one has to do, it seems, is to take out insurance equivalent to the amount of the tax, and one's heirs come into a fortune that is intact, or nearly so. There is a moral in this for students of the "incidence of taxation," but we delicately refrain from pointing it out specifically.

MESSRS. DEMPSEY and Gibbons rendered their fellow-citizens a distinct service by crowding a great bulk of seasonable trash out of the newspapers of 5 July. In the face of their hefty encounter, even Mr. Harding's oratory was reported only in part, and the minor orators were knocked out of the news-columns altogether. One had to duck in between the fists of the warriors of Shelby to find the remnants of Mr. Harding's tribute to "the inspired fathers"; his reference to McKinley's imperialist adventure as "a war of conscience"; his picture of the British and American navies engaged together in "the glorious accomplishments of peace"; and to discover Governor Smith, now apparently a full-fledged candidate for the Democratic nomination, warning of enemies within, and assuring his hearers that this was a land of equal opportunity where no privileged groups ruled. Somewhere, we suppose, Mr. Calvin Coolidge was saying inconsequential things in some such solemn way, but the news from Montana mercifully kept him out of the line-types. It is to be hoped that contests for the heavyweight championship of the world may become a permanent feature of Independence Day.

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It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either in substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

SYNTHETIC PEACE.

ACCORDING to a story which, like most good stories, is probably apocryphal, it was the canny Sir Harry Lauder who offered a fund of \$10,000 for the widow of the unknown soldier; and now our own Mr. Edward W. Bok has carried this altruistic principle a bit farther by submitting a prize of \$100,000 for some practical Yankee device or formula whereby, through a co-operation of Governments, including that of the United States, war will be snuffed out for ever. The term "practical" has not yet been clearly defined; but it is specified that plans submitted will be tested and passed upon by a committee of prominent personages, and it is further stated that a satisfactory proof of practicality for any plan would be found in its acceptance by the United States Senate!

In response to Mr. Bok's alluring offer, many conjurers are dipping into their hats and lifting therefrom doves of peace. One pacifist organization pins its faith to a law denying Congress the power to vote military or naval appropriations. One hopeful citizen suggests that we bribe European Governments to take the pledge to abstain from warfare. Various schemes have bobbed up for attaining peace by resolution or legislative enactment, and there are plans for the establishment of an international constabulary to preserve law and order among the nations. The most picturesque proposal comes from a student of mediæval procedure, who would exempt the general population from military obligations by having wars fought out by small groups of selected national champions. This plan has the merit of economy, and the idea of even a small number of politicians and bankers being dispatched with gas-tanks and machine-guns to take their chances on making the world safe for democracy, or whatever the hokum of the moment may be, will doubtless have an irresistible popular appeal; yet somehow we can not see such a scheme getting past the United States Senate or any other legislative body. It is pretty, but scarcely "practical."

Doubtless Mr. Bok's committee will accumulate enough schemes such as these to stock a good-sized warehouse. Possibly, in due course, one of them, of a not too obviously sentimental or romantic inspiration, will receive the award, and perhaps, if Mr. Bok's plans have been dramatized by suitable publicity, the Senate, and possibly the League of Nations, if it still survives, will set their seals on some pious resolution—and the wicked old world will go wagging on as before. Though Mr. Bok's intentions are doubtless of the best, it is inconceivable that any simple recipe for peace can be found as long as our old friends privilege and monopoly find war a handy emergency-instrument for getting something for nothing, or, more correctly, for getting it at the expense of "the enemy" and the underlying population. Mr. Bok would have done his fellow-citizens a better service, in our opinion, if he had established his prize for the best analysis of the *cause* of war; but somehow, that is the kind of thing that is never done by these peace-ensuing brethren. Is it not a remarkable fact that the liberal, the uplifter and the forward looker invariably turn a blind eye to the cause of war? They will spew sentiment over any manifestation of militarism, like a spouting whale; they will shell out manfully for any silly nostrum that comes along; but they can not possibly be persuaded, even though one spoke with the tongues of men and angels, to take any interest whatever in analysing the cause of war. Such being the case, we can not see

that they have cause for complaint if their flow of emotion and the nostrums that they support, alike come under inevitable suspicion.

For it is mere common sense that such an analysis must precede any effective remedy, just as diagnosis of a disease must precede the cure of the disease. Nostrums drawn at random from the imagination are obviously of no practical value. Mr. Wilson devised the League of Nations as a cure-all—apparently unaware that the same thing had often been done before—and ever since its organization the Governments in its membership have been busily fomenting wars and aggressions. Mr. Harding has turned sentimentally to the World Court, which, in the frenzy of aggression inspired by the competing forces of privilege, is as effective as a boy scout in a mob of lynchers. As long as the politicians and the monopolists are able to delude the people with the idea that wars spring from some personal devil in the guise of a Kaiser, a Tsar, or some one particular enemy Government, superficial plans for preserving the peace will not get us very far. When the causes of war are made clear, there will be no trouble in bringing about such modifications of the social order as will destroy war at its source, by breaking up its breeding-places; but until then, no patent medicine or shotgun prescription for the suppression of war will be worth a moment's notice.

ANOTHER JEWISH MENACE.

"Is there a Menace in the Polish Jew?" is the question staring in thick red letters from the wrapper of a little volume entitled "The Jews in America," by Mr. Burton J. Hendrick, published by Doubleday, Page and Company. "With their un-American creed," continues the suggestive legend on the wrapper, "will they ever be absorbed into the American commonwealth?" Mr. Hendrick's conclusion is in the negative. The book is an excellent postscript to Mr. Henry Ford's anti-Semitic vagaries, and is a contribution to the literature that feeds the prepossessions of members of the Ku-Klux-Klan and other organizations that live by hatred and prejudice. Naturally it has caused great indignation among Jewish citizens in this country. Mr. Louis Marshall, who is not a Polish Jew, has made a dignified protest in behalf of his co-religionists, a protest to which the publishers have found no adequate reply; and there have been other scattered criticisms.

According to Mr. Hendrick, the American Jewry is divided into three parts. There are the Spanish Jews, the German Jews, and the later flood of immigrants from the old Russian Empire who make up the bulk of the three million Jews in this country. It is these last that Mr. Hendrick designates as Polish Jews. To Mr. Hendrick neither the Spanish nor the German Jew constitutes a "menace." Of the Spanish Jews he says: "There are only a few of them; they are nearly all rich or at least prosperous. . . ." The German Jews, likewise, from humble American beginnings, have commonly soared to the respectability of property-ownership. The majority of the Jews from Eastern Europe, however, have not emerged from poverty. They arrived later than the others, at a time of diminishing opportunities, and though their natural capacity for acquisition was probably up to the mark, their immediate equipment was somewhat deficient. Thus, though Mr. Hendrick admits that they are intelligent, industrious and not given to violence, they have remained a "menace."

Mr. Hendrick argues that because the Russian Jew was treated as an undesirable, and was denied the

rights and guarantees of citizenship under the Government of the Tsars, he is unfitted for citizenship here; though, for that matter, the original American colonists were largely considered undesirable by European Governments, most of them, like our Russian Jewish immigrants, having been refugees from persecution, and a number of them having been deported to America as exiles. Mr. Hendrick holds up the religious observances of the Russian Jew as an obstacle to "Americanization in any real sense"; though many of the pioneer Americans emigrated from the Old World for the opportunity to practise religious observances which were as peculiar and as elaborately related to the common routine of life as the orthodox Jewish forms. "The Jew," declares Mr. Hendrick, in developing this phase of his argument, "is perhaps the most prayerful person in the world; he accompanies practically every act with a fixed ritual; almost every hour of the day has its religious observances. He can therefore engage in no occupation that does not give the opportunity for these almost continuous communings with the Almighty." Yet, as Mr. Marshall points out, piety is not generally considered a bar to American citizenship. Finally, Mr. Hendrick takes the view that the Eastern Jews are a menace because a considerable proportion of them are interested in various theories for the establishment of a better social order; though a study of early American history will show that some of the leading patriots of that time were inspired with the imagination of a better order of society, and were scarcely content to believe that the millennium had arrived automatically when the last soldier of King George left our shores, or even when a Constitution was adopted in which human rights seemed almost suspect.

Mr. Hendrick devotes one-fourth of his book to a discussion of what he calls "radicalism among the Polish Jews." "Are the Polish Jews anti-nationalistic in spirit, devoid of patriotism, unsympathetic with the thing known as Americanism, lacking in understanding and appreciation of the principles that control the American system?" he asks. "Are their political tendencies subversive, destructive?" He calls for a "close and honest examination" of these questions, but it is apparent from his own fund of misinformation about the diverse political currents among the Jewish immigrant population, that he is hardly qualified to make such an examination.

He declares, for instance, that the *Jewish Daily Forward* secured its large circulation by "constantly advocating the overthrow of the American Government and its substitution by a socialistic State." Unfortunately Mr. Hendrick can not read Yiddish; if he could, a perusal of a few copies of the *Forward* would dispel this curious illusion. The *Forward* got its circulation because Mr. Abraham Cahan, its editor, departed from the Yiddish newspaper-tradition and adopted many of the "human interest" features of American sensational journalism. In other words, he gained success by "Americanizing" his newspaper. Mr. Cahan's socialism is of the mild reformist variety, the type represented by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, leader of His Majesty's loyal Opposition in the British Parliament. As for the *Forward's* attitude toward the present Russian Government, it is about the same as that set forth in Mr. Munsey's newspapers. It is fair to say that Mr. Cahan's attitude is not shared by the bulk of Russian Jews in this country, who also look upon the Russian revolution through spectacles of a colour different from Mr. Hendrick's. Presumably, however, Mr. Hendrick has never had members of his family murdered in a Tsarist pogrom; and human

nature being what it is, a little affair of this kind often affects one's view of its perpetrators. We do not say that it should do so; we merely remark that it does.

To take another point, Mr. Hendrick gives his readers the impression that Mr. Morris Hillquit is the spokesman of the Communist International in this country; though a cursory knowledge of the facts would show him that Mr. Hillquit is anathema to that resolute organization. He asserts that when Mr. Hillquit ran for Mayor of New York in 1917, he made his campaign on opposition to the war and "practically championed the German cause." Yet Mr. Hillquit, like Mr. Hylan, based his campaign on city issues; it was the Fusion candidate, Mr. Mitchel, who ran to the war for campaigning material, and made his appeal on patriotic demagoguery. On the occasions when Mr. Hillquit found it necessary to outline his opposition to war as a solvent for any human problem, he made it clear that he had about as much sympathy with the German Government as had the late Walter Hines Page.

Mr. Hendrick, finally, singles out as a monstrous portent of evil a labour-organization in which Jewish members predominate. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers, he points out, have not accepted "the American standard" of organization on craft lines. One wonders where Mr. Hendrick got the impression that craft unionism is "the American standard" for a labour-organization. Surely not from the coal miners, who are also organized on an industrial basis, though they are not directed by Polish Jews. Mr. Hendrick also takes the view that the Amalgamated is un-American because its officers and a considerable part of the membership are of the Socialist persuasion, and, as a consequence, the organization is not affiliated with the American Federation of Labour. Yet he has no word of criticism for the equally flourishing union in the women's garment industry, which is also Jewish and socialistic, but is affiliated with the A. F. of L.! Mr. Hendrick is alarmed because the workers in men's clothing have flocked to the Amalgamated rather than to an older union of the Gompers type, which it superseded. Apparently it has not occurred to him that the clothing workers did so, not because they wished to overthrow the American Government, but because for their practical purposes the Amalgamated was conducted with more vigour and intelligence than the other organization.

Mr. Hendrick has appended to his attack a number of unauthenticated assertions which it is unnecessary to characterize. Most of them read like the romantic efforts of Chief Burns of the Secret Service. He declares, for instance, that Jewish workers on strike in Boston, carried a banner reading: "To hell with the United States." Picturesque touches of this character are familiar in the anti-Semitic literature of Kaiserist Germany and other caste-ridden countries, where the cultivation of racial hatreds has been an organized industry. Not least of the evils that we carried home from the war was this taint of racial hatred and intolerance. In our polygenetic country it is peculiarly sinister. It is alien to our finer traditions of tolerance, and by this token Mr. Hendrick's book is distinctly un-American, and, as he might say, subversive; it serves only the purposes of animosity and prejudice. Surely the menace to America is not from those who dare to look forward, but from those who, like Lot's wife, persistently look back. It is not from those who, whether native-born or of foreign stock, apply their imagination to ideas of a better order of society, but from those who insist that political evolution

ceased with the close of the eighteenth century, and who would keep the mould of our society the only thing unchanged in a constantly changing world.

EQUIVALENTS FOR IMMORALITY.

WHEN William James proposed a moral equivalent for war, he could not foresee the rapid development of the powers of the State that was destined to accompany the growth of financial imperialism. And he would doubtless have been surprised to see his plan for making benevolent use of the autocratic powers of government, and conscripting the youth of the land for productive work, put into effect as an extension of military service, rather than as a substitute for it. But such in fact is the compulsory-labour law which has been in operation for a year or more in Bulgaria.

Every one may sympathize with the desire to turn to good account the appeal that war makes to youth, in offering a field for the employment of physical energy, in providing an occasion for the exercise of the heroic qualities of daring and self-sacrifice, and in giving opportunity for public service; but before adopting the plan which James suggested, it would be well to inquire into the working of the compulsory principle. It will not do to assume that forced participation in the varied occupations of production would benefit the conscripts and be of service to the community, without taking into account the moral effect of compulsion upon those who exercise it and those who submit to it. Slaves have commonly been employed in useful work; but no one is left to argue that their labours were sufficiently fruitful, either to themselves or to the community at large, to justify the system.

The slavery of the Bulgarian labour-conscripts is limited to periods of eight months. Their uniform is distinguished from that of the troops and their generals are the heads of the departments of roads, railways, agriculture, commerce, etc. They are put to making bricks, shoes, clothing, or work at carpentry and cabinet-making; and the Government reckons that it will thus make a considerable saving over the prices it would have to pay in the open market. Experience, however, would cast doubt on the value of enforced labour as compared with voluntary effort; and in computing the net result, one should take into account the losses sustained in industry by the introduction of unnatural competition, and the hindrance that it offers to the growth of the intricate co-operation that is the distinguishing mark of a highly developed civilization.

President Harding and the American Legion have modestly postponed until the next war the introduction of well-rounded conscription; but Bulgaria offers a hint of what is in store for us under political absolutism. A recent dispatch from Sofia describes a proposed law to make profiteers "subject to public beatings with lashes, confiscation of their property, and permanent disbarment from business." We should tremble in advance for our great corporation-heads and dollar-a-year men, were we not reassured by the thought that perhaps the lash will be reserved for the small fry of gougers; since profiteers on the grand scale have too firm a grasp upon the political machinery to be in danger from the laws. It is for those who enjoy no such favoured position to realize what they are headed for, when they surrender individual rights to the progressive demands of political authority.

Enthusiasts for discipline assume a need for compulsion. They regard actual conditions as the inevitable result of industrial civilization; and they are inclined to blame those who suffer from the moral and

physical ills of extreme poverty or extreme wealth. But to assume, for instance, that unemployment and indolence are due to individual shortcomings is to beg the question. A political organization which denies individual rights, and covers monopolies with the sanction of law, may well be the cause of dislocations which are thoughtlessly attributed to the nature of things. On the other hand, a society which abolished special privileges would accomplish a transformation in which many of our present social problems might rationally be expected to disappear. Natural human impulses only await the removal of barriers which block voluntary co-operation, to accomplish all necessary and useful work.

It may have been congenial to the New England atmosphere in which James's thought developed, to stress the beauty of self-sacrifice; but the value of enforced altruism may be questioned, to say nothing of what is meant by serving the State or society. It is difficult to believe that anything can be good for mankind collectively that is not good for each person individually; and the *reductio ad absurdum* is reached when we try to imagine each individual sacrificing himself for the benefit of the others. As a matter of experience, attempts to make people altruistic by law have commonly resulted in rich pickings for the clever few who control the political machinery, and hardships for the masses.

Nature seems to have provided a solution for the individual and for society, as just as it is simple. If given a chance, in the absence of special privileges, men will engage with one another in an exchange of services which benefits them all; in satisfying their personal wants they are bound to help one another, and to further the general contentment and prosperity. Carried through the complexities of co-operative enterprise, and aided by an increasingly specialized division of labour, the innumerable individuals, working in an elaborate harmony, will of their own accord produce all the things that make life in society desirable. In working for themselves they work for one another, and egotism is merged in altruism.

It is in the hothouse atmosphere of privilege that some escape from what James calls "the immemorial warfare against nature"; but it is especially his "gilded youth" (for whom he desires a taste of rough experience) who seek adventure in hunting or flying, subjecting their lives to many gratuitous risks; and warfare, in which they continue as officers their privileged status, has special charm for them. Placed on an equal footing with their fellows, they would be obliged to employ their energies more usefully. To speak of the fight against nature, is to picture one side of a simple paradox. For they who fight, and the means they use, are part of nature. What we call external nature provides an abundance that has never been measured, from which to satisfy human wants. All that is required is the use of muscle directed by intelligence. If the struggle seems often unequal, and one in which nature appears unsympathetic, investigation is likely to show that the hardships are not necessary, but result from infringement of natural laws.

There is no moral equivalent for what is immoral in war. The equivalent for the struggle, adventure, self-sacrifice and heroism of war, is present in every-day life in an abundance that needs no stimulus beyond the opportunity to exercise natural abilities. If James, who hated injustice and brutality, and had seen plenty of examples of the tyranny of political rulers masquerading as the State, took a superficial view of the question he raised, it was evidently because he had not

sufficiently considered the logical result of clothing Governments with arbitrary powers, and was unaware of the difference between the play of economic forces in a world of constraint, and in one where freedom is qualified only by the rule of equality.

WHERE'S THE HUMOUR OF IT?

WHEN one comes to think of it, nothing is funny in itself; just as beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, so humour lies in the mind of the person who laughs and not in the thing laughed at. It is because an object, an idea or a situation suddenly occurs to us in a new, unexpected, incongruous or incomplete light that we laugh. If we saw and understood all the aspects of anything, the chances are that it would not strike us as particularly funny. Great humorists, by focussing our attention on one special aspect of human life after another, may add to our understanding of humanity; but if we understood all humanity, we could not laugh. When one regards an object, or a special aspect of an object, in a sudden and new light, and apart from its fullest significance, it may be funny: when, refreshed pleasurably by this new point of view, we become aware of the object in its fullest significance, we have the elements of a very high order of humour which, in the emotional catharsis to which it gives rise, is not unlike an æsthetic experience. A fairly good example of this is found in "The Pickwick Papers," in Sam Weller's story of Prisoner Number Twenty.

There are, of course, more delicate considerations in the making of a joke than could ever be defined. There are some jokes the humour of which is almost unanalysable. Why is it funny, for instance, when the elder Mr. Weller insists on calling his son "Samivel"? Humour varies in different times and in different countries more perhaps than any other type of thought. Perhaps that is because humour is so susceptible to the slightest variations in the temper of a people. Some day a psycho-analytical historian will write an outline of civilization and its title will be "The History of Humour." One wonders what the contribution of this country would be to such an outline. We have had, of course, our great humorists, but the way really to appraise the humour of a people is not by their outstanding individual achievements, but by inquiring into the sort of thing that the people are laughing at.

Americans laugh a great deal; we are proud of our sense of humour, and laugh almost too easily. We pride ourselves, moreover, on being able to laugh at ourselves; indeed the jokes that seem to appeal most to us are those that strike home on every hearth. Jokes about Ford cars and prohibition seem to derive most of their potency from their intimate and extensive applicability. It is, of course, healthy to laugh at oneself—until one comes to believe that one is laughable; and this is always a danger when one regards oneself as the "funny man" or a member of the "funny nation." We have come to admire a sense of humour almost to the point of making a fetish of it. One feels that one must be funny; one must keep laughing, or at least smiling. We applaud humour wherever we find it: we vote it into public office, only to find that we get even more of it, though of a different kind, than we had hoped for; we delightedly quote examples of it which we have heard in the nursery, in the street-car, from our friends, or from the cook; we imitate it assiduously when found in the columns of our favourite columnists—and here it is that we may expect to get some idea of the kind of

humour that the people deal in. For, after all, humour is more susceptible to the response it receives than to any other consideration, and therefore a column must, to a considerable extent, reflect what its readers regard as humour. A columnist could not be very funny if no one laughed at him. That is why the lot of any pioneer joke-maker with a new line is such a hard one. We were reminded of this one day last winter when, at an exhibition of pictures, we came upon a puzzled group in front of some excellent cartoons by Mr. Boardman Robinson. Here was a point of view so alien to them as to fill them with an almost pitiable dismay. "I simply don't get it," they would murmur as they passed on.

We have been interested lately in noticing, in some of our funny—or should one say funnier?—columns, the frequent reiteration of a certain type of humour that seems to us to be supercilious and patronizing, if not downright cruel. It is the point of view of the haves of intellectual sophistication towards the have-nots—a kind of self-satisfied patting of oneself on the back because of one's own knowingness and the deplorable lack of that quality in the other fellow. This superiority is achieved and displayed by the trick of patently pretending to be less knowing than one really is. The humour, we take it, is supposed to lie in the incongruity resulting from the temporary and fictitious adoption by an all-wise person, of the simple-minded point of view of a person on a lower level of intellectual sophistication. We ought to be able to remember off-hand some good examples of the sort of thing we mean, but this is the best we can do: A contributor travelling abroad writes back: "Arrived in London. This is one of their big cities and very interesting." Now this is funny; but when this same note is struck over and over again, it begins to get a little sour, and when everything is regarded from this same point of view, it becomes less and less funny because the incongruity becomes less and less apparent, and the assumed rôle seems not so much a simulation as the natural and characteristic point of view of the speaker. In fact, one is almost tempted to suspect that the part could not be played so perfectly had not the player but recently risen from the "intellectual station of life" that he is attempting to caricature. The only other humorous possibilities to be wrung from such examples as the one quoted above, would have to lie in the exploitation of sheer ignorance, simple-mindedness or *naïveté*; and these qualities in themselves are not really very amusing.

Perhaps it would be salutary, not so much for our professional fun-makers as for their audiences or readers, to see what it is that we are laughing at and why. It is doubtful if our columnists, for instance, would find it profitable to continue to poke this patronizing sort of fun at an intellectual unsophistication removed by so narrow a margin from that of the average American newspaper-reader, if the average American newspaper-reader ceased to find it funny. A small group may applaud such humour; but the great majority of readers will take no pleasure in it, not because they are being laughed at—for they do not for a moment suspect that they are—but because some one is being laughed at rather too unkindly for anyone to get much fun out of it.

MISCELLANY.

I AM not on the point of undertaking to write a novel—I am afraid I have travelled another road too long, too long, for that—and yet I have experienced lately a feeling which is essential, I think, to the writing of good prose

fiction. In recent years, I have lived most of my time in New York City, and in consequence I have seen every day a great many people about whom, individually, I knew nothing whatever. As a matter of course, I have acquired friends and acquaintances in various degrees of intimacy, and yet, for every single person of whose life and character I have the slightest knowledge, I have passed by a thousand unknowns.

In some abstract and philosophical way, I realize that each digit in the census-taker's record represents a life and a personality; and in the same way, abstractly and philosophically, I have accepted the physical bodies of my fellow-citizens as the insubstantial evidence of lives and personalities hidden somewhere in the mass. However, in spite of myself, the limits of my knowledge have tended to become for me the limits of what was worth knowing; I have been compelled to see around me a great many thousands of people whom I could not possibly know individually; and as a consequence, I have found myself drifting unconsciously into the notion that these people are not in themselves in any true sense individuals—that the city has stamped them in one pattern, the product of America's largest large-scale industry.

THE handiest remedy for this state of mind is a period of residence in the country, where the circle of human contacts narrows and deepens until it becomes possible for one to know tolerably well almost all the people whom one meets. I have just been subjecting myself to this treatment; and in the course of my stay in a village of a dozen households, I have rediscovered the fact that there is no such thing as an ordinary and uninteresting human being. The sharp individualization of the people in this village, and the complexity of their several lives, is a thing that causes me real astonishment. It may be said, of course, that the process of moulding to type has not gone so far in the country as in the city, so that the village actually offers more variety to be discovered; but my reply is simply that I prefer to give the city the benefit of the doubt. I have come to know this one village pretty well; its inhabitants constitute, in some sense, a cross-section of the general population, and just in proportion as my knowledge of these people has been extended, the illusion of characterless uniformity has been pushed back, and the keenest sort of interest and sympathy have been aroused. In other words, interest has followed upon knowledge, and I for one am quite willing to believe that urban life would prove equally rich in comedy and in tragedy, if only I could strike down into it as deeply, and understand it as well.

Now, it seems to me that a great deal of our modern fiction is the product of the spirit which develops in the city-bred novelists (as I found it developing in myself) under the influence of a multitude of superficial contacts. If the writer be anything less than a capital genius, he can hardly hold out against conditions that tend to limit his knowledge and to alienate his interest and his sympathy. Because he sees a multitude of people who appear to have no individuality, it is hardly possible for him to understand and re-create the life that falls under his eyes. If he is to give significance and weight to his characters and their experiences, he must realize first of all the uniqueness and importance of each of the individual human beings around him; and if this realization has not come out of an acquaintance with a select half-hundred men in an urban population of several millions, a period of residence in a village of fifty souls may perhaps produce the desired result.

JOURNEYMAN.

THE COUNTRY TOWN.

THE best days of the retail trader and the country town are past. The retail trader is passing under the hand of Big Business, and so is ceasing to be a masterless man ready to follow the line of his own initiative and help to rule his corner of the land in collusion with his fellow-townsmen. Circumstances are prescribing for him. The decisive circumstances that hedge him about have been changing in such a way as to leave him no longer fit to do business on his own, even in collusion with his fellow-townsmen. The retail trade and the country town are an enterprise in salesmanship, of course, and salesmanship is a matter of buying cheap and selling dear; all of which is simple and obvious to any retailer, and holds true all around the circle from grocer to banker and back again. During the period while the country town has flourished and grown into the texture of the economic situation, the salesmanship which made the outcome was a matter of personal qualities, knack and skill that gave the dealer an advantage in meeting his customers man to man, largely a matter of tact, patience and effrontery; those qualities, in short, which have qualified the rustic horse-trader and have cast a glamour of adventurous enterprise over American country life. In this connexion it is worth recalling that the personnel engaged in the retail trade of the country towns has in the main been drawn by self-selection from the farm-population, prevaillingly from the older settled sections where this traditional animus of the horse-trader is of older growth and more untroubled.

All this was well enough, at least during the period of what may be called the masterless country town, before Big Business began to come into its own in these premises. But this situation has been changing, becoming obsolete, slowly, by insensible degrees. The factors of change have been such as: increased facilities of transport and communication; increasing use of advertising, largely made possible by facilities of transport and communication; increased size and combination of the business-concerns engaged in the wholesale trade, as packers, jobbers, warehouse-concerns handling farm-products; increased resort to package-goods, brands, and trade-marks, advertised on a liberal plan which runs over the heads of the retailers; increased employment of chain-store methods and agencies; increased dependence of local bankers on the greater credit-establishments of the financial centres. It will be seen, of course, that this new growth finally runs back to and rests upon changes of a material sort in the industrial arts, and more immediately on changes in the means of transport and communication.

In effect, salesmanship, too, has been shifting to the wholesale scale and plan, and the country-town retailer is not in a position to make use of the resulting wholesale methods of publicity and control. The conditioning circumstances have outgrown him. Should he make the shift to the wholesale plan of salesmanship he will cease to be a country-town retailer and take on the character of a chain-store concern, a line-yard lumber-syndicate, a mail-order house, a Chicago packer instead of a meat market, a Reserve Bank instead of a county-seat banker, and the like; all of which is not contained in the premises of the country-town retail trade.

The country town, of course, still has its uses, and its use so far as bears on the daily life of the underlying farm-population is much the same as ever; but for the retail trade and for those accessory persons and classes who draw their keep from its net gains, the country town is no longer what it once was. It

has been falling into the position of a way station in the distributive system, instead of a local habitation where a man of initiative and principle might reasonably hope to come in for a "competence"—that is a capitalized free livelihood—and bear his share in the control of affairs without being accountable to any master-concern "higher up" in the hierarchy of business. The country town and the townsmen are by way of becoming ways and means in the hands of Big Business. Barring accidents, bolshevism, and the acts of God or the United States Congress, such would appear to be the drift of things in the calculable future; that is to say, in the absence of disturbing causes.

This does not mean that the country town is on the decline in point of population or the volume of its traffic; but only that the once masterless retailer is coming in for a master, that the retail trade is being standardized and re-parcelled by and in behalf of those massive vested interests that move obscurely in the background, and that these vested interests in the background now have the first call on the "income stream" that flows from the farms through the country town. Nor does it imply that that spirit of self-help and collusive cupidity that made and animated the country town at its best, has faded out of the mentality of this people. It has only moved upward and onward to higher duties and wider horizons. Even if it should appear that the self-acting collusive storekeeper and banker of the nineteenth-century country town "lies a-mouldering in his grave," yet "his soul goes marching on." It is only that the same stock of men with the same traditions and ideals are doing Big Business on the same general plan on which the country town was built. And these men who know the country town "from the ground up" now find it ready to their hand, ready to be turned to account according to the methods and principles bred in their own bone. And the habit of mind induced by and conducive to business-as-usual is much the same whether the balance-sheet runs in four figures or in eight.

It is an unhappy circumstance that all this plain speaking about the country town, its traffic, its animating spirit, and its standards of merit, unavoidably has an air of finding fault. But even slight reflection will show that this appearance is unavoidable even where there is no inclination to disparage. It lies in the nature of the case, unfortunately. No unprejudiced inquiry into the facts can content itself with anything short of plain speech, and in this connexion plain speech has an air of disparagement because it has been the unbroken usage to avoid plain speech touching these things, these motives, aims, principles, ways and means and achievements of these substantial citizens and their business and fortunes. But for all that, all these substantial citizens and their folks, fortunes, works, and opinions are no less substantial and meritorious, in fact. Indeed one can scarcely appreciate the full measure of their stature, substance and achievements, and more particularly the moral costs of their great work in developing the country and taking over its resources, without putting it all in plain terms, instead of the salesmanlike parables that have to be employed in the make-believe of trade and politics.

The country town and the business of its substantial citizens are and have ever been an enterprise in salesmanship; and the beginning of wisdom in salesmanship is equivocation. There is a decent measure of equivocation which runs its course on the hither side of prevarication or duplicity, and an honest salesman—such "an honest man as will bear watching"—will

endeavour to confine his best efforts to this highly moral zone where stands the upright man who is not under oath to tell the whole truth. But "self-preservation knows no moral law"; and it is not to be overlooked that there habitually enter into the retail trade of the country towns many competitors who do not falter at prevarication and who even do not hesitate at outright duplicity; and it will not do for an honest man to let the rogues get away with the best—or any—of the trade, at the risk of too narrow a margin of profit on his own business—that is to say a narrower margin than might be had in the absence of scruple. And then there is always the base line of what the law allows; and what the law allows can not be far wrong. Indeed, the sane presumption will be that whoever lives within the law has no need to quarrel with his conscience. And a sound principle will be to improve the hour to-day and, if worse comes to worst, let the courts determine to-morrow, under protest, just what the law allows, and therefore what the moral code exacts. And then, too, it is believed and credible that the courts will be wise enough to see that the law is not allowed to apply with such effects as to impede the volume or narrow the margins of business-as-usual.

"He either fears his fate too much, or his deserts are small, Who dare not put it to the touch" and take a chance with the legalities and moralities for once in a way, when there is easy money in sight and no one is looking, particularly in case his own solvency—that is his life as a business-concern—should be in the balance. Solvency is always a meritorious work, however it may be achieved or maintained; and so long as one is quite sound on this main count one is sound on the whole, and can afford to forget peccadilloes, within reason. The country-town code of morality at large, as well as its code of business-ethics, is quite sharp, meticulous; but solvency always has a sedative value in these premises, at large and in personal detail. And then, too, solvency not only puts a man in the way of acquiring merit, but it makes him over into a substantial citizen whose opinions and preferences have weight and who is therefore enabled to do much good for his fellow-citizens—that is to say, shape them somewhat to his own pattern. To create mankind in one's own image is a work that partakes of the divine, and it is a high privilege which the substantial citizen commonly makes the most of. Evidently this salesmanlike pursuit of the net gain has a high cultural value at the same time that it is invaluable as a means to a competence.

The country-town pattern of moral agent and the code of morals and proprieties, manners and customs, which come up out of this life of salesmanship, are such as this unremitting habituation is fit to produce. The scheme of conduct for the business man and for "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts" is a scheme of salesmanship, seven days in the week. And the rule of life of country-town salesmanship is summed up in what the older logicians have called *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*. The dominant note of this life is circumspection.¹ One must avoid offence, cultivate good will, at any reasonable cost, and continue unflinching in taking advantage of it; and, as a corollary to this axiom, one should be ready to recognize and recount the possible shortcomings of one's neighbours, for neighbours are (or may be) rivals in the trade, and in trade one man's loss is another's gain, and a rival's disabilities count in among one's assets and should not be allowed to go to waste.

¹ It might also be called salesmanlike pusillanimity.

One must be circumspect, acquire merit, and avoid offence. So one must eschew opinions, or information, which are not acceptable to the common run of those whose good will has or may conceivably come to have any commercial value. The country-town system of knowledge and belief can admit nothing that would annoy the prejudices of any appreciable number of the respectable townfolk. So it becomes a system of intellectual, institutional, and religious hold-overs. The country town is conservative; aggressively and truculently so, since any assertion or denial that runs counter to any appreciable set of respectable prejudices would come in for some degree of disfavour, and any degree of disfavour is intolerable to men whose business would presumably suffer by it. Whereas there is no (business) harm done in assenting to, and so in time coming to believe in, any or all of the commonplaces of the day before yesterday. In this sense the country town is conservative, in that it is by force of business-expediency intolerant of anything but hold-overs. Intellectually, institutionally, and religiously, the country towns of the great farming-country are "standing pat" on the ground taken somewhere about the period of the Civil War; or according to the wider chronology, somewhere about Mid-Victorian times. And the men of affairs and responsibility in public life, who have passed the test of country-town fitness, as they must, are men who have come through and made good according to the canons of faith and conduct imposed by this system of hold-overs.

Again it seems necessary to enter the caution that in so speaking of this system of country-town hold-overs and circumspection there need be no hint of disparagement. The colloquial speech of our time, outside of the country-town hives of expedient respectability, carries a note of disallowance and disclaimer in all that it has to say of hold-overs; which is an unfortunate but inherent defect of the language, and which it is necessary to discount and make one's peace with. It is only that outside of the country towns, where human intelligence has not yet gone into abeyance and where human speech accordingly is in continued process of remaking, sentiment and opinion run to the unhappy effect which this implicit disparagement of these hold-overs discloses.

Indeed, there is much, or at least something, to be said to the credit of this country-town system of hold-overs, with its canons of salesmanship and circumspection. It has to its credit many deeds of Christian charity and Christian faith. It may be—as how should it not?—that many of these deeds of faith and charity are done in the businesslike hope that they will have some salutary effect on the doer's balance-sheet; but the opaque fact remains that these business men do these things, and it is to be presumed that they would rather not discuss the ulterior motives.

It is a notorious commonplace among those who get their living by promoting enterprises of charity and good deeds in general, that no large enterprise of this description can be carried through to a successful and lucrative issue without due appeal to the country towns and due support by the businesslike townsmen and their associates and accessory folks. And it is likewise notorious that the country-town community of business men and substantial households will endorse and contribute to virtually any enterprise of the sort, and ask few questions. The effectual interest which prompts the endorsement of and visible contribution to these enterprises is a salesmanlike interest in the "prestige value" that comes to those persons who endorse and visibly contribute; and perhaps even

more insistently, there is the loss of "prestige value" that would come to anyone who should dare to omit due endorsement of and contribution to any ostensibly public-spirited enterprise of this kind that has caught the vogue and does not violate the system of prescriptive hold-overs.

Other interest there may well be, as, e. g., human charity or Christian charity—that is to say solicitude for the salvation of one's soul—but without due appeal to salesmanlike respectability the clamour of any certified solicitor of these good deeds will be but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. One need only try to picture what would be the fate, e. g., of the campaigns and campaigners for Red Cross, famine-relief, Liberty Bonds, foreign missions, Interchurch fund, and the like, in the absence of such appeal and of the due response. It may well be, of course, that the salesmanlike townsman endorses with the majority and pays his contribution as a mulct, under compunction of expediency, as a choice between evils, for fear of losing good will. But the main fact remains. It may perhaps all foot up to this with the common run, that no man who values his salesmanlike well-being will dare follow his own untoward propensity in dealing with these certified enterprises in good deeds, and speak his profane mind to the certified campaigners. But it all comes to the same in the upshot. The substantial townsman is shrewd perhaps, or at least he aims to be, and it may well be that with a shrewd man's logic he argues that two birds in the bush are worth more than one in the hand; and so pays his due peace-offering to the certified solicitor of good deeds, somewhat in the spirit of those addicts of the faith who once upon a time bought Papal indulgences. But when all is said, it works; and that it does so, and that these many adventures and adventurers in certified mercy and humanity are so enabled to subsist in any degree of prosperity and comfort is to be credited, for the major part, to the salesmanlike tact of the substantial citizens of the country towns.

One hesitates to imagine what would be the fate of the foreign missions, e. g., in the absence of this salesmanlike solicitude for the main chance in the country towns. And there is perhaps less comfort in reflecting on what would be the terms of liquidation for those many churches and churchmen that now adorn the land, if they were driven to rest their fortunes on unconstrained gifts from *de facto* worshippers moved by the first-hand fear of God, in the absence of that more bounteous subvention that so comes in from the quasi-consecrated respectable townsmen who are so constrained by their salesmanlike fear of a possible decline in their prestige.

Any person who is seriously addicted to devout observances and who takes his ecclesiastical verities at their face might be moved to deprecate this dependence of the good cause on these mixed motives. But there is no need of entertaining doubts here as to the ulterior goodness of these businesslike incentives. Seen in perspective from the outside—as any economist must view these matters—it should seem to be the part of wisdom, for the faithful and for their businesslike benefactors alike, to look steadfastly to the good end and leave ulterior questions of motive on one side. There is also some reason to believe that such a view of the whole matter is not infrequently acted upon. And when all is said and allowed for, the main fact remains, that in the absence of this spirit of what may without offence be called salesmanlike pusillanimity in the country towns, both the glory of God and the good of man would be less bountifully

served, on all these issues that engage the solicitors of good deeds.

This system of innocuous hold-overs, then, makes up what may be called the country-town profession of faith, spiritual and secular. And so it comes to pass that the same general system of hold-overs imposes its bias on the reputable organs of expression throughout the community—pulpit, public press, courts, schools—and dominates the conduct of public affairs; inasmuch as the constituency of the country town, in the main and the everyday run, shapes the course of reputable sentiment and conviction for the American community at large. Not because of any widely prevalent aggressive preference for that sort of thing, perhaps, but rather because it would scarcely be a "sound business proposition" to run counter to the known interests of the ruling class; that is to say, the substantial citizens and their folks. But the effect is much the same and will scarcely be denied.

It will be seen that in substantial effect this country-town system of hold-overs is of what would be called a "salutary" character; that is to say, it is somewhat intolerantly conservative. It is a system of professions and avowals, which may perhaps run to no deeper ground than a salesmanlike pusillanimity, but the effect is much the same. In the country-town community and its outlying ramifications, as in any community of men, the professions made and insisted on will unavoidably shape the effectual scheme of knowledge and belief. Such is the known force of inveterate habit. To the young generation the prescriptive hold-overs are handed down as self-evident and immutable principles of reality, and the (reputable) schools can allow themselves no latitude and no question. And what is more to the point, men and women come to believe in the truths which they profess, on whatever ground, provided only that they continue stubbornly to profess them. Their professions may have come out of expedient make-believe, but, all the same, they serve as premises in all the projects, reflections, and reverie of these folks who profess them. And it will be only on provocation of harsh and protracted exposure to material facts running unbroken to the contrary, that the current of their sentiments and convictions can be brought to range outside of the lines drawn for them by these professed articles of truth.

The case is illustrated, e. g., by the various and widely varying systems of religious verities current among the outlying peoples, the peoples of the lower cultures, each and several of which are indubitably and immutably truthful to their respective believers, throughout all the bizarre web of their incredible conceits and grotesqueries, none of which will bear the light of alien scrutiny.¹ Having come in for these professions of archaic make-believe, and continuing stubbornly to profess implicit faith in these things as a hopeful sedative of the wrath to come, these things come to hedge about the scheme of knowledge and belief as well as the scheme of what is to be done or left undone. In much the same way the country-town

system of prescriptive hold-overs has gone into action as the safe and sane body of American common sense, until it is now self-evident to American public sentiment that any derangement of these hold-overs would bring the affairs of the human race to a disastrous collapse. And all the while the material conditions are progressively drawing together into such shape that this plain country-town common sense will no longer work.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN.

A NEW RUSSIAN NOVELIST.

It would be an extraordinary thing if out of an upheaval in the lives of 130 million human beings, an upheaval in which two quite different ways of looking at life were engaged in mortal combat, no new literature were to be born. It would, however, have been still more extraordinary if much of this new literature had appeared during the first years of the Russian revolution, when the feeling of all but the comparatively few conscious politicians was that they were somehow caught in a maelstrom. In those first years there were, now and again, fine, passionate pieces of political writing (some of which, indeed, are to be found in the speeches and pamphlets of Trotzky, who, almost alone of the actual revolutionary leaders has a real feeling for words). One or two ambitious diarists clutched at immortality by writing down everything that happened to them in the conscious hope that in after years people would turn to them for historical information. At the very beginning of the revolution there were some fine poems by Blok. But Blok, like Trotzky and the diarists, had a foot in each of two worlds. All these had been writers before the revolution. All had been born too soon. Then there was a desperate output of "proletarian poetry," but, though it may have been written by proletarians, it certainly was not poetry. Ardent elderly revolutionaries had thought and written a lot about "proletarian culture" and they grabbed eagerly at the manuscripts of any writer who could be called a workman or a peasant, and printed it with acclamation. But there were no real discoveries; and the verse was simply ordinary bad verse, full of irreproachable revolutionary sentiments. Of course there was the satirical verse of Demyan Biedny, who, early in the revolution, published some amusing things, but, though he provided an entertaining commentary on foreign and home affairs from a strictly orthodox Bolshevik point of view, together with a good deal of capable rhymed propaganda, he was but little concerned with the actual life of man under the revolution. He wrote a good deal too much, so that it is easy to underestimate him, but he will certainly have his place in any political history of those years. Various sects of poets, of the kind that we know both in Paris and in London, rioted for a time, and claimed that the revolution was theirs and that theirs was the poetry of revolution; just as the futurists shocked and puzzled the Moscow workmen by their efflorescence on the street-hoardings and market-booths. But they had been writing the same stuff before ever politics had reached them, and would have written for applauding drawing-rooms exactly what they now put forward as the proud result of "revolutionary freedom."

Of course what the revolution did, at once, was to revise all former literature. Everything with which one was familiar now looked new and different under a red light. "Samson and Delilah" became, suddenly, a revolutionary opera with the very spirit of the streets of Petrograd brought on the stage. Chekhov became an antiquary, tenderly preserving under glass, in cotton

¹ There is, of course, no call in this Christian land to throw up a doubt or question touching any of the highly remarkable verities of the Christian confession at large. While it will be freely admitted on all hands that many of the observances and beliefs current among the "non-Christian tribes" are grotesque and palpable errors of mortal mind; it must at the same time, and indeed by the same token, be equally plain to any person of cultivated tastes in religious superstition, and with a sound bias, that the corresponding convolutions of unreason in the Christian faith are in the nature of a divine coagulum of the true, the beautiful, and the good, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; world without end! But all the while it is evident that all these "beastly devices of the heathen," just referred to, are true, beautiful and good to their benighted apprehension only because their apprehension has been benighted by their stubborn profession of these articles of misguided make-believe, through the generations; which is the point of the argument.

wool, fragments of a life for ever gone. Even I, a stranger in the gates of the revolution, found that I was reading Milton with new eyes and seeing in a quite unaccustomed perspective Hazlitt, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey; it was as if this new revolution threw fresh lights and shadows on those men who had all been profoundly affected by the revolution of their day. I am afraid I felt at that time a slight impatience, almost discomfort, in reading certain other writers who had been wholly untouched by such events, and I am sure that many young Russians in the same way reviewed the literature they knew; though many, of course, like Konstantin Petrovitch in the story that follows, sought in the literature of the past nothing but escape from the alien and disturbing present.

It was not until the slackening of tension on the front, and the growth of a sense of stability at home, that people turned once more to literature for its own sake. At the same time, with the end of the civil war and the introduction of the new economic policy, technical obstacles between writers and readers largely disappeared. There came into existence again a host of private publishers and private book-shops, and the State Publishing House also addressed itself seriously to the publication of other than purely political, scientific and educational books. To-day, innumerable as they are, no shops in Moscow or Petrograd are more crowded than bookshops. I have seen people squabbling and pushing to get new books, as in other countries I have seen elderly women risk their lives for bits of ribbon. This keenness of the reading public would be amazing if it were not so natural. During the last eighteen months or so, people have been able for the first time to take breath and look about them, after nine years of continual excitement and after the complete upheaval of almost every individual life. People are asking themselves, What, after all, has happened? And a crowd of new writers are answering that question in their own way with divers stories, dialogues, poems, in all of which is the consciousness of this extraordinary commotion, this "revaluation of all values," this wealth of contrast between monstrous event and tiny, individual destiny. Nor can these new authors satisfy the demand. They are printed in Moscow, in Petrograd, pirated in one place and another, and in some cases even exported to Berlin and there printed again. I have seen copies of new volumes of poetry, for example, in which the simplified spelling of the revolution had been in Berlin corrected to the old orthography, so as to allow the huge *émigré* public, without offence to their eyes, to share in this new literature of the world they have left. As soon as the books are printed, on no matter what poor paper, with no matter what worn out, broken type, folded and sewn before the ink is dry, they are gone from the bookstalls. The only way to make sure of copies is to get a bookseller to set them aside for one as soon as they come in. In the ferment of literary excitement a new author can make a reputation with a single story in a magazine, so eagerly is every new thing canvassed and discussed.

Yury Libedinsky is one of these new writers and was unknown eighteen months ago. He is extremely young, and has come to manhood with the revolution which began when he was still a boy. His story, "A Week" appeared in one of the literary "almanacs" which are now almost as popular in Russia as were the "keepsakes," "miscellanies" and "garlands" of the early nineteenth century in England. It instantly set by the ears all that part of the political Russia which

is interested in literature and was commented upon even by the papers of the *émigrés* in foreign capitals. Nor was this at all surprising. Libedinsky aimed so simply; he disregarded so completely the revolutionary *convenience* that all which is revolutionary is good, and the counter-revolutionary *convenience* that all which is revolutionary is bad; his was so clearly an attempt to see rather than an attempt to describe; it had so obviously been written by its author for his own sake and without particular regard for the way in which it would affect anybody but himself. Neither of the conflicting parties could find themselves in this new looking-glass precisely as they figured in their own imaginations. Yet none could disregard this honest piece of literary pioneering. It admitted so much damaging evidence that mere political propaganda would attempt to rebut or explain, that it was fiercely denounced by some of the Communists as a counter-revolutionary work, though Bukharin and others warmly defended it. Libedinsky, whatever may be his political faith (and he is certainly, if not a Communist, one of those who are described in accounts of congresses as "sympathetic non-party"), does not allow himself to look exclusively at the silver linings of clouds, and anybody who chose to omit what to Libedinsky is the most important thing of all, could make use of scene after scene, paragraph after paragraph, in this story as anti-Bolshevik propaganda. Libedinsky, at whatever risk, must have it all in (he is writing first for himself, and in the second place not for foreigners but for his own countrymen who would put it all in, even if he left it out); the starving crowd on the railway-station, and the elegant, cake-eating Commissar, picking his way among the vermin-ridden bodies, with care not to soil his polished boots; the cold horror of the execution of a batch of White Guards; the savage, vengeful cruelty of revolting peasants—he will have it all in; he will reject no possible data. But through it all, there is one thing that he never for a moment lets himself forget, and that is the amazing will-to-good which, through a million devastating errors, revolting sometimes to humanity, sometimes to mere pedestrian common sense, still shines, still makes honest observers impatient with the silly dismissal of the whole huge affair as an eruption of thieves, scoundrels and murderers.

In "A Week" Libedinsky paints on a small canvas an extraordinarily inclusive picture of all that inner life of the revolution at which it is difficult for a foreigner even to guess; he does this without any attempt to prove anything; and he deals with something quite outside that life of Moscow and Petrograd which has been described and redescribed until people are utterly tired of the very names of those cities. In this last his story is typical of much of this literature which comes not from the centre but from the far periphery. It is not in the centre but out there in the Urals, in the Ukraine, in Siberia, where town and country are in closer contact, where the civil war was fought, where a thousand minor centres are working out their problems for themselves, that the abstractions, the crude generalizations of the revolution, resolve themselves into concrete instances, fit material for art. In Moscow, to take a single example, one sees mathematical figures and curves on squared paper illustrating the increase or decrease of the area sown; it is out there that one sees human beings literally fighting for their lives to get the seed to the fields.

That is the motive of this story, which is an account of a single week in a small town in the foothills of the Urals, in the spring of 1921, before the new economic

policy and the abandonment of militant Communism had eased the extremely hostile relations between country and town. It is the story of one of those revolts of desperately resentful peasants, led by Whites against the Reds, and presently suppressed, which used to be dismissed in the Moscow newspapers in a paragraph of three or four lines in a column of other news: a very small affair. But into his account of it, Libedinsky has managed to work a large, carefully chosen gallery of revolutionary portraits. There is the "intellectual" Communist, Martuinov, the son of a rich manufacturer, who is held to the old life by a thousand invisible threads, tortured on the one hand by the kindly contempt with which he is regarded by the workmen Communists, and on the other hand by the alienation of his betrothed, who has turned to religion from the revolution in which she does not believe, reads the Apocalypse and looks for the end of the world. There is the vengeful Jewish druggist who has had his shop requisitioned, and can not go in or out of his house without seeing the Soviet placard flaming over it in place of his own name; the White Officer, Repin; the broken, angry old Colonel Rostovtzev, with new green patches on the shoulders of his uniform tunic, where were once the prized epaulettes that the revolution snatched from him. There is Konstantin Petrovitch, the teacher of literature for whom life ended with Turgenev, who on principle has refused to work in the Soviet schools. There are three types of Chekists, members of the Extraordinary Commission, two of whom end with deaths more painful than those to which they have condemned so many others; the old Cossack who, when deeply moved, has to get drunk, but is the embodiment of a sort of sturdy common sense in complete contrast with the visionary idealism of some of his associates; the girl revolutionary, Simkova, in whose mouth is all provincial Russia's criticism of Moscow; and in contrast to her the little puzzled school-teacher, Liza Gratcheva, who is not at all clever and becomes "revolutionary" only from simplicity and by force of circumstances. Then on the one hand Robeiko, with his consumption and his selfless political passion; and on the other hand the time-serving Matusenko, who would be a Communist under one regime and a devout orthodox Churchman under another, but will get a safe job under either, and cares only to keep his buttons polished and his skin whole and well filled. Not a character, not a chapter in the tale but contributes something to an understanding of the great stirring of men's minds and lives that has taken place in Russia during these last five years. With its unwillingness to blink unpleasant fact, its wide humanity, the thing is an antidote to newspaper-reports which (as we who have to write them know) can seldom be more than the reports of the Brahmins who examined an elephant through watch-maker's glasses, and each assumed the whole was like the minute portion that he was able to see for himself. "A Week" is built out of the very stuff of this new Russian life by one who has grown up with the revolution and feels and sees it, as we outsiders can never hope to feel or see it, from within.

Indeed, so vivid, so intimate is much of the detail of the story that one realizes with a shock through how much this boy himself must have lived; through what fires of experience he has preserved the feeling for loveliness, the extraordinary gentleness, that lifts the whole story far above the dust and hubbub of the political arena. It is perhaps to Korolenko that he owes the happy trick of never letting the reader forget that larger life of nature in which all lives are set,

which goes on without accommodating itself to the events that happen to interest us at the moment, and will bring the Spring in its season regardless of any merely human convulsion. Libedinsky sees the lives of men as small things beside the revolution, and still smaller beside the relentless turn of the seasons, the inexorable alternation of night and day, sunset and sunrise. Most of the people in whom he has waked our interest are dead before the end, and his point is that the story does not end with their deaths. The characters illustrate rather than are illustrated. Each shows a different facet of the revolution, and it is with the convulsion of a whole people more than with the passions of individual persons that the author is concerned. Yet that point of his would be weakened, if his persons were merely symbols; and it is with tenderness and pity that he lifts from each in turn the veil of politics, and shows them as simply human beings caught in a maelstrom and snatching at any straw of non-political experience. How true is his instinct in doing so, only those who lived through a revolution can know. Prematurely aged, as most of them are, they are children after all and happy with a little sunshine.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

EPICURUS.

It is a curious, and perhaps a redeeming fact that when the majority of men are most preoccupied with the materials of existence, the vital minority turn back to life in the abstract, conceived either as a mystical battleground or an ethical fabric. In an oversophisticated society, a society ready to drop, overripe, from the tree of history, the mystics and the moralists are always at war with the civilization that bred them, and with one another. The Roman Empire presents such a spectacle: the mysteries of Attis, of Isis, of Mithra, of Adonis, of Christ, at war with Aurelian Stoicism and with one another, and spurning, like monstrous blossoms pushing toward the sun, the rich soil of decadence wherein they were rooted. Nor could we discover a more vivid phenomenon than the world round us. If a cross-section of our civilization were preserved, as are preserved for eternity the momentary gestures and expressions of the Pompeians, the future could behold the very type of a dying society, a suspended drama of feverish decay. For not material grandeur or material decline is the gauge of a people's vitality, but the degree of harmony existing between the outer life of the body and the inner life of the mind. Though the body be a thousand times satisfied, there can be no assurance of the future if the mind be discontent.

The mind is not only the prophet, it is also the manipulator of human affairs. Even physicians of the old school admit that the mental "attitude" of a patient may determine the course of his recovery. The iteration of a formula may send health into the blood. The submissive "I am not well" of the valetudinarian digs his grave. As with individuals, so with society. Had there been no Voltaire, no Rousseau, no Diderot, no Beaumarchais, there would have been no French Revolution.

Yet the interaction of thought and events is more complex than this. The thought that destroys has its source in conditions ready for destruction. Before the mind can launch its ghostly armadas and fire-ships of revolt, there must be the materialism to revolt against. Indeed, when an age is at its best, philosophy is the ally, not the enemy, of external existence. It transcends, but it does not attack. Hellenic philosophy reflects the finer elements of Hellenic life. Mediæval Catholic mysticism had no quarrel with the Catholic world round it; it found therein the substance from which to construct the Urbs Beata

of Eternity. The ethical Puritan, once pitted against the pagan Queen Elizabeth and the sacramentalist King Charles (saint and martyr!) sat down by his own fireside in the time of Cromwell and enjoyed a brief tranquillity.

The real crisis between mysticism and ethics comes only when both are roused to hysterical strength by hostility to their parent epoch. If Christianity is but a code of ethics, says Blake the mystic, then Socrates is the Redeemer! Socrates, yes. Or even Epicurus. For Epicurus teaches more than ethics for ethics' sake; he conceives the entire universe as a setting for his system. The atomic accident of life leaves but one asylum for the reasonable man: an impregnable fortress of virtue beyond the possibility of accident. If we are free from fear of the gods, free from all desire for those earthly riches and honours which perturb the soul, free from suffering, sickness, and retribution now or hereafter, then, and then only, can we partake of those pleasures of the mind which redeem this "great disaster of our birth."

The Hellenistic period, death-rattle of Hellenism, found two watchers by its bedside fighting for its soul: the neo-Platonists and the Epicureans. The age was soft, cynical, luxurious. Athens of austere splendour palled in comparison with Alexandria of marvellous colour. The lovely perfection of Praxiteles had already foreshadowed the descent from the heroic, almost vulgar power of Phidias into the fleshy bubbles of Roman sculpture. For of a truth the age of Pericles had been not the beginning of a new and grander Greece, as men had thought, but the culmination of archaic vigour. The marble Parthenon, conceived in terms of wooden construction of the sort that had preceded it, was to endure as a symbol of what had passed rather than what was to come. So it was, that from the teeming dissolution of a civilization, philosophy, no longer in harmony with external existence, became a means of escape from existence, an end unto itself. The clear flame of Platonism burned low and smokily in the lamp, flickering through a murk of esoteric mysticism. The simple code of Aristippus, mated with Democritan physics, gave birth to the elaborate system of Epicurus.

There he strolled in his garden at twilight, the little white Master, teaching his disciples the absurdity of awe, the uselessness of mystery, the finality of death, while all about him the green plants trembled with the awful mystery of life for ever renewed. There he taught the need for simplicity and abstinence, while in the womb of the years, Nero and a thousand like Nero, waited to come forth and wallow in the perfumed and opalescent mire that was to be known as the Sty of Epicurus. There he taught of pleasure as the highest good, the pleasure of the mind, and his name was to go down in all languages as the synonym for any man who can smack his lips over a well basted capon. There he dismissed the gods from the sphere of human consciousness, and the Christians, centuries later, more bitter enemies of the suave Greek deities than Epicurus himself, repeated the cry of Atheist! that was begun by their pagan predecessors. Perhaps in all philosophy there is no stranger figure than the fastidious neurasthenic Epicurus, piecing together his ethical code from the fragments of greater codes, and in every statement unconsciously implanting the seed of a philosophy hostile to his own.

Had either his mind or his body been more robust, such vicissitudes would never have overtaken his philosophy. Regarding his personality we can conjecture a man of engaging courtesy, charming not only those with whom he conversed but myriads who never once saw his face. "How I clapped my hands when I read your dear letter!" he writes to a friend, in a moment of exuberant delight unfamiliar to our usual picture of him. Lucretius, two centuries later, never failed to speak affectionately of

his Master; to him, Epicurus was a beloved and half-deified saviour of ailing mankind. Yet Lucretius does not hesitate to tamper with his master's thought, here to embellish, here to correct. It would almost seem, then, that the charm of Epicurus was more personal than intellectual. His mind was not particularly brilliant either at originating or adapting, for hardly a part of his philosophy is wholly his own, and the mosaics which he fashioned from other men's philosophies contain singular inconsistencies. It would almost seem, too, that his sickly frame denied to him that wild and gusty battle with passion wherein victory strengthens and defeat enriches a man. His ethics are a withdrawal rather than an encounter, a retreat before the hour of battle rather than a weapon. All in all, the system suggests a resort for sick minds from a sick world, a segregation of one sort of unhealth from another sort. Epicurus sounds no clarion to stir the blood of a young and sturdy race. He walks in perpetual twilight, under the trees, beside the clear waters; his voice low, his face calm, his eyes serene and unearthly. What he has to say is important because the world is sick so often, and so often there are those to whom salvation and refuge are the same. It is not difficult, listening to the tinkle of small brooks and the faint stirring of leaves, to imagine that crowds do not exist for us, that in denying our kind we have found ourselves. It is not difficult for it is at once a justification and a necessity.

If later Epicureanism had fallen on other ground than the extravagant gorgeousness of the Roman Empire, it might well have taken on a mystical element and allied itself to the mystical rather than the ethical schools. Stoicism is the purest type of ethical fabric, since it teaches morals for morals' sake: virtue as its own reward. Epicurus departed far from pure ethics in his doctrine of morals for life's sake. As soon as any goal is envisaged beyond human action, mysticism begins to appear, in spite of denials of the future life, in spite of denials of any goal in the Universe itself. Even a fortuitous rain of atoms can not wholly beat down the instinct for perpetuity which inspires every human step towards the Good. In Pater's "Marius," a thoroughly inquisitive mind finally abandons Epicureanism for Christianity, yet clearly the transition is a change of name rather than of faith. Christ on a hillside, considering the lilies, is much nearer to the little white Master in his garden than to the Pope in the Vatican.

It is the philosophy of escape with which Epicurus was concerned, a revolt of the mind against the material world. Truly, the Kingdom of Heaven is the garden of Epicurus removed to another sphere. Virtue is the key that unlocks both, and nothing more than a key. With the sterility of self-rewarding ethics we have naught to do. We are looking for completion, for a variety of unobstructed sensations and experiences which are withheld from us by the amazing hurry of materialism—Hellenistic, Augustan, Renaissance, twentieth-century materialism. Unless we can snatch our pleasure from the seething mass of life round us, we go down to the grave thinking we have been cozened out of it. The remedy is a system that departs from external conditions, that lifts us out of the world and arms our frailty with a pride of superiority over mere power.

It takes small imagination to perceive in the quickened pulse of Protestant ethics and Catholic mysticism that dissatisfaction with life which denotes the end of a period and the beginning of philosophies. Twilight is upon us. Through the garden we catch a glimpse of a new Epicurus speaking of calm in the midst of a plunging world. We are waiting for him. We are, indeed, almost ready for a new Incarnation.

ROBERT HILLYER.

PUBLISHERS' STYLES.

THE hideous word "Bugra," a product of the German passion for concentrating and compressing long titles, is an abbreviation of *Buch und Graphik Ausstellung*, "Book and Graphical Arts Exhibition," an interesting show which is being held at Leipzig at present, as part of the Spring *Messe* or fair, a great international affair which takes place several times a year. The Bugra show of 1923 reveals many new and fascinating aspects of the German book-trade and its outward and inward evolution. I made a systematic tour through the exhibition, and, familiar as I am with the latest products and movements in this field, I could not but be surprised at the wealth of the new, the beautiful and the original; and my foreign colleagues echoed my astonishment in enthusiastic terms.

The general tendency observable in the exhibits of the various German publishing-houses was the effort to develop the individual style of the house and its products more and more, to perfect and to crystallize its distinct character and its idiosyncrasies. It was also clear that the dangers which threatened the quality of the German book through debased materials and the general exorbitant costs of production, were being successfully combated, and that the publishers were bent upon remaining true to the ideal of high-quality wares, and of a fine unity between form and content.

After the radicalism of the post-war period, when expressionistic art began to invade the domain of the book, and we had the strangest extremes of design and colour, it was gratifying to see that a clear tendency to revert to more traditional forms is becoming visible. Good taste has become the goal, and we see a reversion to older models, though in some cases obviously in the direction of sterile and uninspiring models. We see a kind of eclecticism, devoted to the worship of the past, and in danger of forgetting the present, and above all, the future.

The big, representative publishing-houses have all found their own styles; and most of them have been able to express this style, this "face," to the point of consummate clarity. The period of experiments seems to be over; and departures from the safe and sane middle path are made only in so far as a more highly developed modern technique permits an inherited dignity or beauty to make itself still more clearly manifest. I observed that the love and reverence of the modern book-artist and binder-artist is once more turning steadily towards the masters and masterpieces of the eighteenth century, that era *par excellence* of the great and beautiful book. The line of this development goes from the baroque to the romantic; and our own modern development must also tread this path in order to draw force and vitality from the classic sources.

The major publishers, as I have said, have found their style, and are clinging to it. There is, for example, the exhibit of the Insel Verlag of Leipzig. Here we encounter the same clarified harmony, a kind of classic gaiety and lightness, subdued colour, an aristocratic air of reserve which keeps itself free from all antics and convulsions, and which is more inclined to a gentle asperity than to prettiness, and admits of modifications only within distinct limits. There is the house of Georg Müller of Munich, which dresses its books with an assured and captivating quality of good taste, as a careful mother dresses her marriageable daughters. The S. Fischer Verlag of Berlin, a firm of great literary traditions, invests its name in book-garments of an almost puritanical simplicity. Kurt Wolff of Munich issues a series of the younger poets in his own house-uniform or livery. At first restive and revolutionary, these bindings have now attained a sort of cool serenity, an air of assurance and superiority which seeks, as it were, to subdue and chasten

the fiery and brilliant variableness of the spirits bound up between the covers. Even a young, modern and radical publisher like Paul Steegemann of Hanover, whilst refusing to make any concessions to tradition, is nevertheless bent upon expressing the literary and artistic quality of his house by clear and clean-cut symbols, colour and make-up. The preference for the serial book (that is, the unit in a series) was most marked; here the individualism of the separate volume was subordinated to the unity of the publishing-house. The art-publishers, such as Bruno Cassierer or Biermann and Klinkhardt of Leipzig, have many facets rather than one face, so far as the character of their books is concerned. Publishers of scientific works are naturally among the most conservative.

A most happy combination of a publisher's personal style, a special field of literature, and the individuality of the separate work, has been found by Eugen Diederichs of Jena, in his series "Fairy Tales of the World's Literature." Here every volume represents a distinct variation of the serial type. An excellent example of the liberty that may be exercised within limits, is afforded by the works of the Propylaen Verlag of Berlin, which adheres to the same type and binding for both its ancient and modern classics, and yet keeps the illustrations of each book true to the character of the period of which it treats.

A new passion has possessed a number of publishers—Kurt Wolff among them—for artistic and absolutely faithful replicas and facsimiles of famous and rare old books, such as the "Wessobrunner Prayer," copied in every detail, even to the dog-eared corners and brass clasps of the one priceless specimen in the Munich National Library. These tit-bits for the wealthy collector and bibliophile have been augmented of late by the superb "incunabula" (first mediæval editions) published in wonderful facsimile by Müller & Company, of Potsdam, treasures which the book-lover handles, in these perfect imitations, with something like the religious reverence that he would bestow upon their originals. The Drei-Masken Verlag of Munich has published an imposing curiosity in the shape of the original manuscript of Wagner's score for the "Meistersinger," with all the original ink-blots, and the different sizes and colours of paper used by the master. The Opal Verlag displays with just pride a volume of the letters of Constance Mozart, bound after a design by the famous Tiemann, in blue calf. The Avalun Press has many striking exhibits, among them a new edition of Byron's "Marino Falieri" with the English text, and with etchings by Sepp Frank. The Euphorion Verlag of Berlin publishes nothing but *éditions de luxe* on exquisite paper, bound by master bookbinders in the rarest leathers and silks. The Sibyllen Verlag of Dresden has made a specialty of binding its novels and other works in brilliant covers of flexible linen; the whole forming a kind of symphony of form, content and colour. The Deutsche Meister Verlag goes in for the most aggressive effects in a modern sense, giving every volume its own dress, design and hue, as dictated from within the book itself.

All this effort, all this energy, care, love, industry and devotion, prove how potent are the spiritual force, the inner power, the artistic charm and the human lure of the good book; that even in times like the present, full of desperation and decay, and the growing impoverishment of those to whom books were once as the breath of life, the desire to produce the best and only the best, should still remain dominant! Not only the heart and the head and the hand have laboured lovingly here, but the machine, too, has been forced to produce an ennobled product. For the machine, which once destroyed the unity between art and handicraft, has again become the first servitor of art, and resuscitates the past upon a new

plane, but in all its ancient beauty; or it translates the models and triumphs and rare exemplars of tradition into something corresponding with the present, thus bringing about a kind of transvaluation of values. When we study the part played by the machine in the manifolding (even here in this very word we have the echo of handiwork!) of the fine, the noble and individual book, we realize that Ruskin's rage against the machine was partly based upon a total misunderstanding of its real function and its real capacity. I am certain that both Ruskin and William Morris would have confessed to this had they walked with me through this exhibition of the Bugra.

KARL BLANCK.

ART.

MODERN ART.

THE POLES OF THE MODERN MOVEMENT.

CÉZANNE and Redon are so obviously different from the Impressionists that it can not be other than a surprise to one who knows their work and not their history, to find that they are exactly contemporaneous with that group. Cézanne was born in 1839, the same year as Sisley; Redon in 1840, the same year as Monet and Rodin (who is of course the sculptor of the group), and one year before Renoir. The early works of Cézanne fit in perfectly with the Courbetesque and Manetesque painting of the Impressionists among whom he began, and it is not until he is nearly fifty years old that a fundamental difference between his work and theirs becomes clearly apparent. Redon, on the other hand, is marked for his life-work from his earliest pictures, and it is only through certain qualities of colour in his later painting that we can see any relationship between him and his great contemporaries—who were his friends and admirers. It is natural that we should think of Cézanne and Redon as later men than the Impressionists, for the world did not appreciate the significance of the two masters until long after Monet, Pissarro and the rest had achieved fame and influence. There was nothing of accident in this, for the Impressionists furnish the last chapter of the scientific and realistic effort of modern times, while the two painters we are to consider initiate the departure from it.

Cézanne and Redon are not merely different from their contemporaries but from each other, diverging, as they grow older, until we may look on them as the poles between which the modern movement has since oscillated. In the words of a Dutch critic, they divide the heritage of Delacroix—Cézanne developing the qualities of form and colour of the older master, Redon carrying to new conclusions his research in the world of vision. In both cases one traces these tendencies farther back than Delacroix, but the essential difference between the two masters lies in the direction they gave to their work, and not in the fact that Cézanne is by far the greater artist.

Though we see him now as the same man from the first, it is evidently the Cézanne of the twenty years or so before his death in 1906 whom we must study more particularly. He had withdrawn to his native town in the south of France, carrying with him an experience even more valuable than that of the contact with his century: it is his study of the Louvre which is henceforth to serve him, and be linked with the "*bonnes humanités*" of his youth. The Greek and Latin poets whom he loved to quote never had worthier homage than the painting of Cézanne. In the phrase of his which is most often repeated, that which explains his purpose of doing over the work of Poussin

from nature, he might have named other masters as well as the one who, for Frenchmen, epitomizes their classical heritage. With Signorelli, whose figures he copied and used over and over in his pictures, he touches the Renaissance at one of its highest levels; and numerous drawings from the Greek sculptures in the Louvre attest his study of the central focus of European art. On his wall hangs a water-colour by Delacroix; in his letters we find references to Tintoretto, the Spaniards and Chardin.

He continues to paint from nature until the end of his life; but the slightest sketch of his later years shows his growing preoccupation with the æsthetic qualities of the picture. Herein lies the difference between him and the Impressionists. With the latter one feels that the limits of the picture, and its subdivisions, were imposed from without, by the aspect of the scene portrayed; the oppositions of the colours were used to produce effects of luminosity, again an external thing: what gives the picture its life is the splendid instinct of the artist who transcends his theory in the excitement of his work. Even Renoir, when questioned about painting, preferred to go no farther than the statement that it was a means of transmitting the passion that is in the artist. Concerning the way in which this is accomplished, concerning the laws certainly recognized by him as underlying the works he loved in the museum (which he considered the sole teacher of the artist), he was silent. Cézanne's immense authority proceeds precisely from his having rendered comprehensible to the next generation the laws of picture-making which the haste and confusion of the nineteenth century had obscured. Needless to say, these laws are such as can never be written down; they are the principles perceived by the mind without the intermediation of words, which govern the productions of the masters of all times and races, the principles which differentiate the work of art from everything else in the world.

Cézanne, superimposing colour upon colour to get their cumulative effect, watching the reverberation throughout his canvas of each new touch, was performing a mental operation similar to that of the musician, whose material, farther removed from the imitative than is the painter's, arrived much sooner at its purity as an agent of expression. Since form, more than colour, renders the thing seen, Cézanne's organizing of the lines and planes of his pictures will stand as an even greater achievement than his work with colour. A certain latitude has usually been permitted the colourist in his search for harmony—which has been pretty generally understood as the object of his effort. But drawing, "the probity of art," was another matter. For many hundreds of years, since the decline of Byzantine art, Europe had been working for an ever-greater completeness of representation; and Cézanne himself, when his need for an æsthetic structure forced him to modify, in his painting, the physical structure of objects, was tortured with doubt about his procedure. Yet he went on, always in the same direction, making a constantly more rigorous elimination of the sensations which to him represented only accidents of vision and which were not essential to the new organism he was building up. The thrill we get from his later works comes from witnessing an act of creation, of being associated in imagination with that act. Every line, every plane, every touch of the brush works together with the rest as the muscles and nerves of the body respond to the impulses of the mind. It seems to many men to-day, though it is dangerous to make extreme state-

ments about a contemporary, that neither Michelangelo in his mastery of form, nor Rubens in his handling of colour, has gone farther in this respect. What one may safely affirm is that with neither of these earlier masters are the vital elements of the picture so directly accessible to the spectator.

One sees them unmistakably in the water-colour sketches of which Cézanne made so many. First come the large divisions of his subject, established with a lead-pencil. Then come accents of the parts, obtained with the brush, certain dominants of form or colour being insisted on from the start, while the less important notes are held subordinate to them. The work may be laid aside at any time and be complete even when, as occurs quite often with these studies, one finds it difficult or even impossible to recognize the subject. Cézanne never went to the length of deliberately suppressing the aspect of natural appearances; he was, after all, a man of the generation which set itself to represent them most fully. But as he grew older, the underlying laws of sight and of harmony came to interest him more than their application to the representing of objects, and so we get those pictures wherein a space of nearly bare canvas will be bent into form by the action of its contours (the highest conception of form, as we see with the Florentines or with Holbein), where heads are without features or where masses of foliage come forward without apparent explanation of their source, because the painter, having obtained the volume he needed in his design, did not feel the need of going into questions of representation which were irrelevant to his æsthetic purpose.

Probably in the whole history of art up to his time no one had ever set himself this purpose so unrelentingly. To compare his painting with the work of the architect or the rug-weaver is misleading, for the special function of their products gives them a different basis of judgment; and if I permitted myself a reference to music, a little earlier, it was only to make clear the distinction between representational and expressive material. Cézanne's preoccupation with law has made a recent painter of great importance refer to him as ascetic; and if one thinks of his work beside Rembrandt's, the warm human sentiment of the Dutch master may seem at first to justify the charge. Let us rather say that the comparison (if comparisons of the masters are to be permitted at all) makes us feel again the strength of our period, which could bring forth a work consonant with the findings of the past and through it lay open to us a horizon of painting only half perceptible in the art of the past. Certainly, every man of importance in the younger generation has acknowledged this work as basic; and yet it is not sufficient to explain the art of the present day, as Duchamp-Villon once remarked to a painter who said that he had reached an appreciation of Cubism through copying a Cézanne.

As little as the abstract painting of recent years resembles the work of Odilon Redon, we shall see later that before the new conception could arise, it was necessary that the idea of the great visionary be assimilated along with the sense of construction due to Cézanne. Like Cézanne, Redon is too much of his time entirely to abandon the world of sight; yet his art is located in the plane of the mind, as against the physical world with which our realistic age was so concerned, almost more completely than that of Cézanne, whose work always contains a direct reference to the substance and the light of nature—and loses nothing of freedom thereby. Redon has told us in

words (see the collection of his writings, "A Soi-Même"), that the reality at which he aims is not the one obtained through perspective, chiaroscuro and the other means of representing the thing seen. For him, true existence is not conferred on the visual image before the mind has fused it with imagination and previous experience. It may be said that this is true for every artist; what distinguishes Redon is his having formulated the theory and so reached a special freedom in pursuing it almost to the extreme limits that it allowed.

Like Delacroix, his favourite among French artists, he lived much with books and music. Mallarmé and Huysmans were his intimate friends, and he was one of the first men in his country to appreciate the greatness of Brahms. Undoubtedly his communion with them strengthened his love for the world of vision and hastened the evolution of his art. In certain early etchings there is an exact notation of landscape details; all through his life it was his practice to make studies from nature with the closest visual fidelity—and with a skilful hand. Yet even these works, a preparation for his more characteristic production, are part of his dream. They stand apart from the painting of his generation, as one sees at a glance if one places his most objective effort beside any other picture of his time. The case is the same as that of the naturalistic studies of Dürer, which are felt to be touched with the visionary quality of his whole art. The "Melancholia" of the great master of Nuremberg was an ideal with Redon. The "literary" quality of that engraving was no obstacle to its reaching an extraordinary level in plastics; so also Redon's constant preoccupation with the significance and symbolism of his subjects should blind no one to his æsthetic achievement. A severely blocked form, establishing the great masses and angles and proportions, upholds his draftsmanship in its wildest flights; and his colour, even more a thing of the imagination than his line and composition, has an unearthly glow that makes one think of the old enamellers and mosaicists. If Redon belonged to their distant epoch we might estimate his value more easily. As he is of to-day, we are constantly tempted to make baseless comparisons between him and his contemporaries. The very force with which the latter swing us in their direction is the measure of Redon's originality—and also of our need of the reminder that he gives us of that world beyond the world of the eyes, which, on rare occasions in the Occident, but times without number in the Orient, has been the subject of the artist.

WALTER PACH.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

JUSTICE FOR THE JAPANESE.

SIRS: I have read with more than ordinary interest the observations in your issue of 13 June concerning the partial resemblance of anti-Japanism as now practised on the Pacific Coast (in California, in particular) and the Jewish pogroms in Tsarist Russia. I quite agree that there is such a resemblance.

During the summer of 1920, I had the privilege of accompanying the Congressional Committee on Immigration throughout California and other Pacific Coast States, and of attending all of its hearings upon the Japanese situation. As a result of that experience and of a subsequent personal investigation of the Japanese situation, independently and impartially conducted, I came to conclusions not widely at variance with the main conclusions expressed by Mr. Buell.

I found, for instance, that when the Congress, finally yielding to the clamour of California politicians, enacted the Chinese Exclusion Law, and thereby shut out from re-entry

thousands of Chinese who were absent on their filial visits to China, an economic vacuum was created, into which Japanese were swiftly drawn as cheap, efficient labourers; and with an accompanying whole-hearted welcome from all classes. I found that this feeling of welcome continued over a period of ten or fifteen years; and that the first nascent opposition to the Japanese arose in trade-union circles in the city of San Francisco, where Japanese had gone quite extensively into such work as window-washing, house-cleaning, house-gardening, etc., and were also employed in laundries and second-class hotels. I followed this opposition through the Ruef-Schmitz regime until it finally culminated in the San Francisco school incident, which was traded upon to secure the Gentlemen's Agreement.

I found that the Japanese, partially because of a desire to remove themselves from the arena of criticism, and partially through a wish to achieve for themselves a greater measure of economic independence, withdrew from the cities and settled on the land. In this connexion, I found that the land which they had acquired was, for the most part, that which had been abandoned by white men as worthless; and which they (the Japanese), by dint of unflagging toil and applied intelligence, brought ultimately into rich productivity. Indeed, I learned that the very first land acquired by them in the great Sacramento Valley of California, was a tract near Florin, generally considered as not worth paying taxes on, and known as "goose" land. It was sold to them by a white man who, as soon as he had been paid his money, rushed to Sacramento and with great *éclat* told his friends how he had "put it over on them crazy Japs." And now Florin blossoms like the rose, shipping the first and finest strawberries in the State, and is pointed out by politicians and other anti-Japanists as the horrible example of the fruits of the "yellow peril." The same was true in other sections. . . . The major portion of the land now owned by Japanese in California (and this is true also in Washington and Oregon) was once barren and unproductive, land that no one else would take.

Concerning the other land they have secured either by purchase or lease; the fact is that in California (where most of it is) the old heritage of easy living has been handed down from generation to generation ever since the age of gold, and the whites now leave the land because they are unwilling to do the hard work required to make the soil produce profitably, now that its natural fertility has been more or less exhausted through long usage. They much prefer to lease it to Japanese, and live without labour on their lease-money in town, where movies and other such diversions are conveniently at hand. In all my travels in California, Oregon and Washington, I have yet to meet a white man who has been driven from the soil by the Japanese, or even who pretends to have been driven from it; but that does not interfere, of course, with the circulation and general popular acceptance of the assertion of the politicians that "the Jap is driving the white man from the land."

The difficulty is that for the present, at least, apparently nothing can prevent the Japanese situation being made here on the Pacific Coast—as it has been made for the past ten or fifteen years—the football of politics by men running for almost every office from justice of the peace clear up to United States Senator. Space permitting, I could cite incident after incident occurring within my personal observation, of what can be designated only as deliberate mendacity; deliberately concocted and disseminated for the purpose of arousing and intensifying hatred of the Japanese. The people, of course, are not so much to blame; because by and large they have little or no opportunity of learning the truth—the columns of the press being sealed against anything, however vouched for by impartial, reliable persons or agencies, that might have a slight tendency, even, to allay criticism of the Japanese. A fair illustration of how the press operates (the California press, in particular) is the following: In July, 1920, the Congressional Immigration Committee, as a part of its investigation into the Japanese situation, visited the Angel Island Immigration Station in San Francisco Bay; where on the day of the visit were quartered a number of so-called "picture-brides" who had just arrived from Japan. The committee, which was accompanied by a number of news-

paper-men and journalists (the writer of this letter among them), interrogated these picture-brides at length, through an interpreter; and then various members of the committee were prevailed upon to pose with the picture-brides for newspaper-photographs. These picture-brides were thus exposed to the view of all, and it is a matter of official record, as every one there present had opportunity to know, that there were exactly *eleven* of them. Yet the next day, the San Francisco newspapers gave the number variously from forty-five to seventy. The only newspaper-man reporting the number correctly was the correspondent of the Associated Press, whose endeavours throughout the investigation to be fair and impartial, brought requests to his superiors from certain California editors served by the Associated Press, that he be removed. The idea of exaggerating the number of picture-brides, was to make the people of California and elsewhere believe that these women were coming into the country in "swarms"; and that they were "all young women whose fecundity had been first established by the Japanese Government before passports were issued to them."

Is it any wonder that some of the beliefs entertained by Californians (some of whom have never seen a Japanese) anent the awful "plots" of the Japanese, would sound like a page from "Treasure Island"? Is it any wonder that one California woman, of at least ordinary intelligence, believed that there were thousands of "Japanese Samurai" in California; each one of whom was training in secret daily, and was ready at a moment's notice from the Mikado to decapitate at least five white people; and that when informed by a former American Consul to Japan that there had been no Samurai even in Japan for many years, this good woman was very much relieved? I do not assert, of course, that large numbers of Californians believe, or have believed, the Samurai myth, but they do believe other things of the Japanese wellnigh as horrible and fear-exciting. Thus, when it is realized that these absurd, fear-provoking beliefs are the rule and not the exception, it is easy to understand why a mob of white men would—as they did in July, 1921, in California—kidnap 150 peaceful Japanese melon-pickers, separate them from their families and their personal belongings, and deport them with a warning not to return on pain of death. It is likewise easy to understand why no member of this mob was ever punished.

I am far from contending, and I have not meant to imply, that the presence of Japanese in California and on the Pacific Coast does not create a problem; a problem, indeed, that presses for solution. But I do contend that the solution of it is not aided, in fact it is obstructed entirely, by the avalanches of misrepresentation, mendacity and abuse that the press and the politicians regularly set going against the Japanese and against anyone who raises a voice in behalf of justice for them. As I can see no indication of a cessation of such tactics, it seems likely that the problem will remain unsolved until American-born Japanese have become of age in sufficient numbers to constitute a political force to be reckoned with in the States and communities in which they dwell. I am, etc.,

Mill Valley, California.

DAVID WARREN RYDER.

BOOKS.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

THE word "gentleman" tends—does it not?—to disappear from print, and from speech, too. The gentleman begins to show hesitation in bestowing the title upon friend or acquaintance—and, a fortiori, in claiming it for himself. Thus are the susceptibilities of the rising masses guarded from direct reproach and from circuitous insult. Once in a while, however, some Bayard of the pen, equally without *reproche* and without *peur*, indulges himself freely in the use of this vocable. He will hail, most likely, from some part of our broad land wherein "quality" has long had open recognition for what it is, and where gentility may still assert itself unembarrassed and unabashed; a region where "society" and "public life"

are terms more nearly synonymous than elsewhere and the high traditions of public service more continuous and more confident. A background of "poor whites" or of "hill-billies," abject or mannerless, helps rather than hinders; and a serving class marked by darker complexions and lesser mentality reinforces the primacy of high-placed Olympians. Thus arises an aristocratic democracy, or a democratic aristocracy—a close, equable corporation with its definite body of outsiders. Such a one New England, perhaps, knew briefly, homespun and theocratic; such a one established and directed early Rome, on the basis of farming and family prayers; and such a one realized itself with significant fullness in South Carolina and Virginia.

From the latter State, indeed—out of a society, that is to say, still slightly removed from the main current, still somewhat self-centred and self-sanctioning, and therefore completing the qualifications for some such achievement as is foreshadowed above—comes a social document of a certain distinction and consequence: and it represents a duty discharged at once towards a brother and towards a clan. The brother of our late Ambassador to Italy and of the author of "Red Rock" and "Marse Chan" presents to the world, South and North, a volume¹ which, to quote textually from its title-page, is "A Memoir of a Virginia Gentleman"—and this handsome word occurs *passim* with reference to many others. Thomas Nelson Page was truly, in the brisk language of our day, "all of that," and it is pleasant to think that the social fabric and social regimen he left behind him, on his death in 1922, combine to afford so firm an assurance as that displayed throughout the present book.

Mr. Rosewell Page is quick-stepping and clean-cut. Most of his deftly turned out chapters are short. Many of them, in fact, are too short for sustained and continuous effect. Except with the ins and outs of clan-relationships, he is over-succinct. However, the chapter on his brother's "coloured friends" is well held up and stands forth from the others to give a social picture that is highly significant in content and leaves a lasting impress on the mind. For the rest, Mr. Page is perhaps not more genealogical than the Southerner of lineage and position is permitted—even expected—to be: after all, his free indulgence in the intricacies of family relationships makes it easier to get the social and domestic milieu of his subject.

On this point it suffices to say, in general, that "through his Randolph ancestors Thomas Nelson Page shared the same blood as that which flowed in the veins of John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, and Robert E. Lee"; and, more specifically, that his father was a major in the army of Northern Virginia, and that his mother was the daughter of Captain Nelson of "Oakland," in "the upper end of Hanover," where, in 1853, Page was born. If the Southerner, in general, lays stress on States, the Virginian, in particular, lays equal stress on counties. If Hanover is one, Fauquier is another. The author quotes with relish, and probably with a slant towards approval, an anecdote on this point. In the smoking-room of an Atlantic liner, when one man announced himself as a subject of the Tsar, a second, as a subject of the Kaiser, and a third as a subject of his Britannic Majesty, the fourth of the group contented himself with remarking that he came "from the upper edge of Fauquier." In fact, a pleasant and disarming *naïveté*—sometimes conscious, sometimes unconscious—gives the book an air of its own.

The pretensions involved help the outsider to catch the genial, the necessary, tone. They help him, also, in scaling things up or down—often down. They aid him in adjusting the claims, sometimes high, of estates with high-sounding names, and in mitigating the pretensions, sometimes excessive, of establishments that have not often been brought into tonic contrast with others elsewhere. What the inquiring Northerner is likely to miss, however, behind some of these homely simplicities, is the full social concededness that informs the situation. After all, the best, in any given locale, is the best—especially when bolstered up by unquestioning loyalty and a ready acknowledgment of superiority. An abundant lower stratum is conveniently docile—or, if not docile, then intimidated. The situation does not altogether fail to commend itself to the chance tourist from the North, whose superiority at home, if he claims any, is to be maintained against banded Caucasians, whether in factories and foundries or among the tyrannical personnel of apartment-buildings.

Thomas Nelson Page walked easily and naturally and gently among all his concessions and deferences. They doubtless helped him to "stand before Presidents and Kings," as his loyal biographer puts it; and perhaps, too, they helped steady him upon the lecture-platform—a line of work which, possibly, was not of his own free and relished choice. He stood sufficiently at ease before the King of Italy on the occasion of his going to the royal residence in the country to present his credentials as Ambassador. "We are farmers out here," said the king pleasantly, "and we do not dress this way all the time. To-day I am dressed to meet the Ambassador from the United States." To which Page could reply: "I'm a farmer myself in Virginia . . . and do not dress this way all the time. I've only put on these clothes to meet the King of Italy." Again, there is the matter of Page's celebrated reading-tour in company with that experienced and redoubtable entertainer, F. Hopkinson Smith. Upon whatever high terms the tour may have begun in the East, it soon succumbed to the good-natured informality relished in the West; and by the time Chicago was reached the "readings" had easily shaken down to a tournament of humorous story-telling. Smith held most of the trumps, yet Page played a gallant hand, and really kept up with the nimble pace set by his partner and rival. He doubtless enjoyed possession of the "*mens sibi conscia*," yet perhaps he won out by his genuineness and his transparent friendliness of spirit.

Page in Italy—to come to grips with his last phase first—played a successful part through a trying time. Before the war his geniality and disinterestedness had won the friendship of Victor Emanuel, and he maintained his personal prestige throughout—though there were trying hours as the American policy towards Italy waxed and waned. His "Italy and the World War" spoke a decided word for a combatant that, so far as the consciousness of the world went, had gone sadly in need of champions. His lectures on Dante, delivered in Virginia and Colorado, were the almost obligatory tribute of a cultivated man and a well-wisher of Italy, after having withdrawn from her boundaries and her current affairs. My own recollections of Page in Italy date back, however, many years before any thought of an ambassadorship; and I still maintain that a dinner *en famille* at a hospitable and historic hotel on the Florentine Lung'arno, with "Tom" Page (as his intimates called him) for host, should rank high among the amenities of this life.

¹ "Thomas Nelson Page." Rosewell Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Page's best services to his country were rendered, however, long before he went abroad. He brought—or at least promoted—understanding between two sections of a divided land where understanding was the one great desideratum. Whether writing of the old day or of the days that followed its wreck, his equanimity and sound-heartedness were such as to enable him to declare, with truth, that he "had never wittingly written a line which he did not hope might tend to bring about a better understanding between the North and the South, and finally lead to a more perfect union." Well, to refrain is sometimes to act—and to act most wisely; and a man may frequently accomplish most good by being his own good self.

Mr. Rosewell Page's chapters are naturally not without their touches of simplicity and their moments of fondness. Yet his subject easily stands them and as easily justifies them. Page as son, husband and stepfather gains his full tribute; as Christian, churchman, and friend of the lowly; as lawyer and politician (within limits); as traveller and connoisseur; and there is a smart peppering of humorous stories and anecdotes, which even the decorum of a memorial volume and the spokesmanship for what the late "Ouida" was fond of calling an "order" do not hush down. The literary side of this career is given by no means more emphasis than is due. But it is easy to recall that Page's fiction portraying the days of Reconstruction discloses patience and tolerance and the fine, firm hand, and that his representative stories, such as "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady," lead through the road of a straightforward simplicity and sincerity right to the gate of tears. Such stories, in the "collections," like Rupert Brooke's sonnets, in the anthologies, will probably survive as almost sufficing, in themselves alone, to embody the aspirations and dolours of a day now past, and to assure their author place and remembrance for many years to come.

HENRY B. FULLER.

THREE WOMEN POETS.

THE profound sexual differences which exist between the nature of woman and that of man, and which our age has almost been the first to discover, entail a no less profound difference in regard to the attitude towards life displayed by the two sexes. It is no longer possible to say or assume that woman is mentally inferior to man; it suffices that her thought-processes move at an entirely different speed and are stimulated in a totally different way from his. The distinction persists whenever an exceptionally gifted woman enters into literature in competition with an exceptionally gifted man. To compare the respective degrees of imagination displayed by Sappho, for example, and Simonides, or Emily Brontë and Browning, or Emily Dickinson and Whitman, is like trying to register with the eye the movement of wind over grass with the movement of the same wind in the treetops. The former gives the impression of suppleness, subtlety, lightness; the latter of determination, heaviness, resistance. The tempo of the feminine mind is perhaps complementary to that of the masculine: in any case it follows that very few poets in the history of the world—and these perhaps of the most rare quality—have been able at intervals to possess both.

Elinor Wylie¹ has assumed the difficult task of attempting to convey feelings of feminine reticence and directness under an intellectual disguise usually employed by man. One admires the difficulty of the task; but one is not quite clear whether she is in every respect equal to carrying it off successfully. She has obviously read very deeply

¹ "Black Armour." Elinor Wylie. New York: George H. Doran. Co. \$1.50.

in Donne, who is one of those infrequent poets above referred to, combining in marvellous fusion the two degrees of masculine and feminine perception. But the fact that she quite obviously echoes him, induces a doubt whether her method of writing is entirely her own. Having set her emotion in very strait bounds—the title of her book is significant—she, womanlike, rebels against them. The best poems in her book are those like "Lucifer Sings in Secret," "Twelfth Night," and "Epitaph," in which the rebellious emotion surges up most violently against the taut-held structure of the verse. These poems are comparatively rare in her achievement, and her usual note is rather curiously akin to the fantastic and epicene vibrations of Miss Edith Sitwell or Mr. T. S. Eliot.

The peacock and the mocking-bird
Cry for ever in her breast;
Public libraries have blurred
The pages of his palimpsest.

He wanders lonely as a cloud
In chevelure of curled perrique;
Masked assassins in a crowd
Strangle the uxorious duke.

Even the touch of half-conscious parody—in this case Wordsworth—is not lacking here.

It is much easier for the critic to place Miss Cather's achievement.² The main bulk of her book is simply pretty sentiment; very neat, very light, very slight and occasional poetry. She is one of those whom it is easy to read and forget about, as Mrs. Wylie is one who is difficult to grasp and disquieting in later effect. Miss Cather's book contains, as far as I am able to judge, but one good poem. This is "Macon Prairie," a work whose almost infantile simplicity of technique is redeemed by an absolute fidelity to vision. In my opinion "Macon Prairie" deserves a place in every comprehensive anthology of American poetry.

To descend from Miss Cather's book to the next woman-poet on my list is to make a long step down. Miss Muna Lee³ is obviously convinced of the importance of her feelings. Unfortunately she says nothing that has not been said before, and better, by hundreds of other poets, masculine and feminine. She remarks:

I would sing with my lips to the lips of a seashell,
I would sing to the thrush and the cardinal bird;
I would sing though the singing breezes heard me,
Though the tall field-grasses and the light rains heard.

The only remark to be made is the quite obvious one that so far as toil-worn and careworn human beings are concerned, Miss Lee had better be silent.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

FROM VIENNA TO VERSAILLES.

THE criticism so frequently made against historians, that they are concerned more with the history of dynasties, diplomatic intrigues and wars, than with the history of peoples, can not be made against Professor Fueter's history of the last hundred years.⁴ The merits of the book are many and obvious. The author is a German Swiss, with a detached and free outlook; the only part of the book in which he shows a decided bias is that in which he treats of the world-war; but one should not demand superhuman impartiality even from an historian. The centre of the stage is occupied by the States, but non-political developments are given unusual prominence. The discussion is clear and simple; we seem to be listen-

² "April Twilights." Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

³ "Sea Change." Muna Lee. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

⁴ "World History, 1815-1920." Edward Fueter. Translated by Sidney Bradshaw Fay. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$3.75.

ing to the conversation of an uncommonly broad-minded and well-informed journalist.

The Europeanization of the world is regarded by Professor Fueter as the dominant fact in the history of the past century. By this is meant, not only the division of the non-European world among the European Powers—the imperialistic movement—but also the increasing dependence of the European economy upon its reduplication and extension to other continents. Hence, the most important event of the nineteenth century was the industrial revolution, the principal features of which were: large-scale production, with a corresponding development of the means of transportation; the importation of food and raw materials from other continents; the absence of famines and a corresponding increase of population, in contravention of the Malthusian doctrine; the growth in numbers and in power of the industrial proletariat; in short, economic organization on a world-basis, with all that this implies. The relative peace which prevailed in Europe during the half-century that preceded the world-war, is ascribed to the safety-valve which America offered, both in absorbing the "surplus population" of Europe, and in providing cheap food and raw materials. It follows, therefore, that when the cost of producing food and raw materials in America began to rise very rapidly in the twentieth century, owing to the disappearance of the public domain, or no-rent land, living conditions became much more difficult, the competition between various national groups of capitalists was intensified, and a sense of discomfort and disquietude began to spread in Europe among all nations and all classes; the mood was thus created for the world-war. From the same point of view, the author estimates that the enduring effects of the revolution of 1830 were much fewer than those of the French military expedition of the same year to Algeria, because the latter event turned France once more into the path of colonial expansion, affected her entire foreign policy, and therewith the policy of other States.

His broad concepts and his detachment enable Professor Fueter to appraise events and situations much more shrewdly than the generality of historians. Again, one or two instances must suffice. English self-government at the beginning of the nineteenth century is characterized as government by local magnates and absence of an independent bureaucracy; English freedom, as legal equality under plutocratic rule; and English freedom of thought, as absence of forcible governmental interference so long as there was no suspicion that revolution was advocated. The comparative well-being of British workers is ascribed to the virtual absence of any serious competition until the last quarter of the nineteenth century, so that British employers could afford to be more liberal towards their workers than Continental employers; British workers were therefore quite conservative. Another observation of even greater contemporary significance is the statement that one of the main factors in the establishment of the Second Empire was the fear of socialism which seized upon French society as an outcome of the June insurrection (1848) of the Paris workers; absolutism, supported by the Church, seemed to be the only means of salvation from a social revolution. Not only manufacturers and merchants, but a great part of the intellectuals were also affected by this fear; the latter were afraid of the rule of the "barbarian masses" of the people, and they also trembled for the security of their small middle-class incomes. The book is replete with fine psychological observations of this sort, so that one reads with surprise the naïve statement that the settlement of the Franco-British quarrel over Egypt and Morocco was "a fine example of the way peacefully inclined Great Powers can settle their disputes." The

observation should have been added: at the expense of weaker peoples and in fear of a third Great Power, Germany.

There are surprisingly few errors of fact; but the translator might have corrected the statement that "the outbreak of the American Civil War had, strictly speaking, nothing to do with the slavery question." Obviously, what the author meant to say was that it had nothing to do with the question of emancipation; for, of course, the conflict over the territories, or unoccupied lands of the West, was the prime cause of the Civil War, and the Supreme Court's decision concerning fugitive slaves threatened to convert the free States into slave States. It is not so surprising to find the phrase, "the reactionary mass," as applied to the propertied classes, attributed to Marx, although it is a strictly Lassalleian conception, and was expressly repudiated by Marx; nor am I astonished to come across the statement that "the Bolsheviki had abandoned the Marxian doctrine that the proletariat ought to get control over the State by peaceful means," a doctrine which Marx never held. Misconception and misrepresentation of Marx's views is so common that I should have been really surprised to find any of his views represented correctly.

HERMAN SIMPSON.

CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.

MANY of us have an inexplicable affection for characters in history who have a bad reputation. In truth, looking back, it is hard to find any one really interesting historical person who has not, according to the modern point of view, a bad reputation. There is Charles II, for instance, a man much calumniated largely because he was too careless and indolent to have a good publicity-agent. Think of what might have been done for Philippe Egalité if he had only been thoughtful enough to keep a poet.

Charles II did good work for England, and it must be admitted that Philippe Egalité had had much provocation from the stupidity of Louis XVI and the insolence of his Queen. But nobody has dared to make an *apologia* for him. Who would dream of comparing Dr. Johnson to Philippe Egalité? But let us suppose that the Duc d'Orleans had trained Madame de Genlis to take down his wise and witty sayings. Think of the pearls of thought he might have left to us on questions of gastronomy, for was he not the first man in France to discover that grilled sole does not need a feverish sauce, but is best treated with a drop or two of lemon juice? And on the day of his execution, true to his principles, he ordered a dry white wine with oysters on the half-shell. But who remembers this in his favour now?

Professor Paul Van Dyke¹ discovered that there existed in France no Boswell to show us how wise and clever Catherine de Medicis was—for Brantôme is only a mirror of fashion; and he has gone to work with commendable energy to give us a picture of this much calumniated queen in her habit as she lived. In doing so he offers one of the first vivid, well-balanced and truthful historical backgrounds of her times.

Every man brought up to read histories written in the English language becomes either prejudiced, if he has a narrow mind, or bored to death, if he has a broad one, by the sanctimonious hypocrisy of the writers. Because Catherine de Medicis was a good wife and, according to her lights, a good mother, she has been hustled down the pathway of history as a fiend in human form. Hitherto nobody has had a good word for her simply because she took her first opportunity of getting rid of a number of political malcontents who were determined to over-

¹"Catherine de Medicis," Paul Van Dyke. Volumes I and II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$9.00.

throw the existing Government of France, suppress the established religion—which she looked on as the bulwark of the monarchy—and, worst of all, oust from the throne the only person on earth capable of influencing the Valois dynasty and keeping it on the throne for the good of France—herself!

Until recently writers in English have looked at the making of England from the point of view of Queen Elizabeth. It is true that the Virgin Queen was utterly ruthless. She had the kind of religion that most statesmen have, of which she never spoke. She was sure that England, being an island, must rule the seas; and that the Church, which could best serve her nationally, must be maintained. She firmly believed that for the sake of political unity the religion of the people must be the religion of the Queen; and she cut off Catholics relentlessly, burned them for the good of the nation, and built a firm wall of Protestantism against all who would break this unity.

Catherine de Medicis happened to see Admiral de Coligny first, with his hand waiting to be placed on his sword, and she struck lest she should be struck. From the point of view of Christianity, from the point of view of ordinary justice and mercy, the act was indefensible; but no more indefensible than the acts of Elizabeth on several occasions which were meant to serve a similar purpose. But in the cases of both these queens, the Catholic Church and the Reform denominations were in no way responsible. Many of the Huguenot clergymen in France, Dr. Van Dyke tells us, held that no promises of mercy should be kept to the idolators of the Scarlet Woman. When one reads some of the correspondence of the Lutheran clergymen in Germany during the war, one may begin to understand how far theological hatred may go. But it was not theological hatred that brought about the massacre of St. Bartholomew or its reprisals—though the rival theologies were used as tools—but the clash of politics.

It has been generally concluded that the body of the Huguenots was made up of honest folk who desired only freedom of worship, who believed in the simplification of religion and in an ascetic morality not exactly sympathetic with the Parisian temperament. It is true that there were great groups of these people in France—groups of spiritual-minded folk who had suffered from the neglect of the Catholic clergy—and this Catherine de Medicis in one of her letters points out—who had suffered, too, from the worldliness of the higher prelates, and who had found little consolation in parish churches, which were sometimes priestless, or in the forms of religion which had ceased for them to have a mystical meaning; owing to the languor of the shepherds.

The abuses in the discipline of the Catholic Church in France are best understood when one reads the letters of that first modern apostle of the poor and of the orphan—St. Vincent de Paul. But the real strength of the Huguenots lay not in their religion, but in their compact political organization under the leadership of that man of genius, Admiral Coligny, who was as sincere as he was potent. In him, Catherine de Medicis found an opponent worthy of her steel. Once he had gone, she had to meet the problem of a Huguenot rebellion largely supported by moderate Catholics—*les Politiques*—and all the enemies of the house of Valois. She had a great fear, partly superstitious, that the crown even during her lifetime might descend to Henry of Navarre, the husband of that daughter Margaret with whom she was always quarrelling and whom she devoutly loved.

Henry of Navarre, who was not very spiritual minded, found the logic of the Catholic position more convincing than that of Theodore Bèza and the rest of the preaching

pasteurs. If he was expected to believe what seemed humanly impossible, it was unreasonable to him that he should believe it on the word of tiresome pulpit-orators who never, by any chance, amused him. Since it was necessary that every French gentleman should believe in the miracle of the Incarnation, he was willing to accept it on an authority which for many centuries had announced itself as infallible. Besides, there was not in the reformed religion that acceptance of the gaiety of life, that continuity of the best side of paganism which he found in the prevailing faith of his country. And so it was easy for him to assist at Mass; to yield to the charm of St. Francis de Sales, who was a gentleman like himself; and get into the good graces of the people of Paris.

When the King of Navarre received the Host with an air of devotion, Catherine de Medicis felt that the monarchy was safe. Five hundred and twenty-seven Huguenots followed the example of the greatest fighter in France; this was in Paris alone. As to Catherine's share in the massacre of St. Bartholomew—one of the foulest blots on the history of France—Dr. Van Dyke, sifting the evidence, shows plainly that it was not the result of a long-premeditated plot, but that Catherine, in a panic, suddenly persuaded her son, Charles IX, to have it carried out.

Machiavelli, in the "Prince," codified the ideas of the rulers of his time. He invented nothing; he merely reflected opinion and practice; and who, reading without prejudice the intimate letters and documents of the statesmen of the Renaissance, can fail to see this? Kingdoms were without consciences and without souls; and religion, the guardian of both, had been dragged into the dust by politics and put in the position of a prostitute. If Cardinal Richelieu wanted to circumvent Spain, he made subventions to the reformers in the Low countries, and Queen Elizabeth's coquetting with the Catholic Duke of Anjou is a mild example of what she might have done if public opinion had not been against her. If Rome, as a rule ill-advised on English affairs, had played its cards well, Elizabeth would at no time have been unwilling to make any religious compromise for political advantage.

That much-discussed institution of Henry III, the group of "mignons," is clearly explained by Dr. Van Dyke. The Pope himself was so shocked by the reports that these young gentlemen had become "princes of Sodom" that he even commanded his Nuncio at Paris "to get the confessors of the King and his brother to attack bravely their evil lives and say the wrath of God will not leave the Kingdom until they stop such things." The dress of the "mignons" is thus described:

These mignons wore their hair long, 'crimped and recrimped in the most artificial way, tucked up beneath their little bonnets of velvet as the women of the town wear it, and the starched ruffles of their dress shirts half a foot long, so arranged that their heads above them looked like the head of John the Baptist on a platter. The rest of their dress was of the same sort and they did not do anything except gamble, swear, dance, bow, fight and run with women and follow the King wherever he went and fear and honour him more than God.'

But, after all, Henry raised this band for his own defence. They were the sons of the lesser nobility. Their fortunes were dependent on his favour. There was not one of them whose courage or whose skill in fence was ever questioned. Among all the warring factions the King secured himself by a small army of Royal Guards, who would defend him in politics or in war to the bitter end. Among these was that famous St. Maigrin, whose painting in the dress of a "mignon" is in the Louvre.

It is hard to close this fascinating and illuminating book. Dr. Van Dyke has the good sense to understand

that nobody is interested in his philosophical opinions or in merely picturesque deductions—and therefore he gives us none. His book is not an attempt at the rehabilitation of a worldly-wise woman, who in her heart wanted to be good and in her soul was reverent. It is a vivid picture of a womanly woman who was forced to be the man of her family in times which were neither refined, tolerant nor merciful. One must be grateful to Dr. Van Dyke for making us understand that we can not enjoy or absorb the lessons or the interest of history unless they are untinged by a merely modern point of view.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

SHORTER NOTICES.

CERTAIN elements of distinction, chiefly in the matter of a highly individualized, if somewhat ornate, style, lent a considerable value to Michael Sadleir's first novel, "Privilege." This narrative dealt with the disintegration of a family. Now, with Mr. Sadleir's second novel, "Desolate Splendour,"¹ before us, the question arises whether it is not time to discuss the disintegration of a style. Where Mr. Sadleir started as an ironist he has grown merely callous; where he was crisp and provocative, he has become tedious and unmistakably garrulous. Instead of a trace of self-consciousness, one finds an overdose of theatricalism. His characters are peculiarly bloodless, and their reactions could be charted by a curb broker. There is still hope for this novelist—if he will have the wisdom to revert to his earlier work as a point of redeparture.

L. B.

THE critical spirit represented by Mr. Van Doren's essays in "The Roving Critic"² is so humane and vivacious, the temper that dictates them so liberal, that it seems like looking a gift-horse in the mouth to regard them with any serious reservations. It may be on Mr. Van Doren's own conscience, however, if his writing is so good that we are disappointed at its being no better. Is there a critic in America who could set forth more perspicuously the importance of "the fourth dimension" in literature—that "which comes into the account when a critic asks about literature: 'Is it alive?'"—or could define more exactly the kind of approach to literature which he calls "creative reading"? Yet Mr. Van Doren is too good a philosopher not to realize that the critics in whose hands literature does become alive are critics in whom magnanimity is flavoured by a little cantankerousness, critics whose amiability is ruffled now and then by the task of castigating some form of ineptitude or cant. One has only to remind oneself of Hazlitt or Arnold or Swinburne to illustrate the point. It might almost be taken as a definition of Mr. Van Doren's inadequacy to say that he has no cantankerousness. It is no doubt an error on the right side: yet it keeps his "Nooks and Fringes" and "Short Cuts," in this volume, from seeming worthy of him.

N. A.

ONE of the advantages of expressing a moral attitude to literature is that when one yields to a liberal sentiment one gets double credit for it. One's austerity sets the gracious aberration in relief; and if the reader has a weakness for inconsistencies he takes the author to his heart. The late professor of English in Wesleyan University has left a memorial volume³ behind him which by its taking inconsistency is hard to resist. The disconcerting variety of his judgments may be gauged from the fact that in one essay he takes quite seriously Dr. Arnold's sententious speech to the Rugby boys: "It is not necessary that this should be a school of three hundred, or even of one hundred, or even of fifty boys; but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen"; and that in another he achieves a tolerant and just estimate of the morally difficult figure of Swift. Like Defoe, he rises and falls, or rather becomes less and more sentimental, with his subject. Where there

is a temptation to sentimentalize he falls a little too easily; he says suddenly, for instance, in a comment on the songs of Burns which is otherwise competent: "They lack perhaps something of that reverence which must always hallow the best love of man for woman"; and he quotes without disapproval in another essay Browning's incredible bathos about "greeting the unseen with a cheer." But on "The Literature of the Age of Queen Anne" and on Swift he writes criticism which, in knowledge, in temper and in style, is excellent, full at the same time of cool rationality and of measured sympathy. He does not take sides; he probably read too long and too sympathetically to yield to the weakness of being either a classicist or a romanticist; and the faults of his criticism are almost entirely the faults of a too impressionable nature. The introduction by Mr. H. W. Nevins is a little too easily emotional to do justice to a work which contains so much good sense upon literature.

E. M.

THE author of "Fiery Particles"¹ has a true craftsman's knack of getting immediately in contact with his subjects, and he adds to this the power to project his discoveries as rapidly as he makes them. There is something about these tales which gives them the racy, authentic stamp of the born story-teller who can begin anywhere because he knows precisely where he is going to come out—and how. In some instances, this effect is attained with a puzzling deliberation, but it is there just the same, strongly felt and vividly etched on the imagination. The choice of themes may have had its share in producing this admirable directness, for Mr. Montague has a kindred feeling for active souls; he does not linger with tender regard over the hero who slips through life in the passive mood—"a drifter, pleading that he is the fault of every one else and declining all of life that is declinable." War-stories make up most of this volume, but they are so different in their handling from the ordinary run that they scarcely merit the label.

L. B.

THE elaborate volume of sketches and studies by Arthur Machen² compiled by Mr. Vincent Starrett of Chicago, is sure to please the increasing number of people who revel in everything from the pen of this provocative and charming writer. The smaller and more discriminating band of Machenites will perhaps regret the resurrection of such juvenilia as "The Lost Club" and "A Wonderful Woman," or of war-buncombe like "Drake's Drum"; for there are, when all is said, two Machens—the man who, amid the most disheartening conditions, wrote "The White People" and "The Hill of Dreams" (circa 1895), and the special reporter who was forced, by the conditions of modern existence, to produce "The Bowmen" and similar Hun-eating nonsense for the London *Evening News*. Mr. Machen is that *rara avis*, a man of letters pure and simple; and the species is fast becoming extinct. Had he lived in his beloved Middle Ages, he would probably have been an amanuensis to some bulky cardinal; in the year 1915 he composed tired nothings for London newspapers. Let us admit his favourite contention that the change is not altogether to the glory of modern progress, but let us also regret that the indiscreet admiration of his editor has led to the assembling in an edition de luxe of these rather sorry souvenirs of his Fleet Street phase. It is pleasant to be able to add that the last part of the volume consists of papers contributed, largely, to the *Academy*, in which we find again the Machen of "Hieroglyphics" and "Dr. Stiggins." Mr. Machen has really the devil's own share of the valuable quality called by the French *mechanceté*, and one feels sorry for the progressive bishop, the puritan or the socialist who has him for an enemy. This is all the more curious because Mr. Machen, in addition to being a good Anglican, has always struck this reviewer as a bit of a puritan as well, and one wonders if he has ever reflected that in a decent socialistic State he might have led a happier life.

C. W.

¹ "Desolate Splendour." Michael Sadleir. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

² "The Roving Critic." Carl Van Doren. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

³ "An Old Castle and Other Essays." C. T. Winchester. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

¹ "Fiery Particles." C. E. Montague. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page and Co. \$1.75.

² "The Shining Pyramid." Arthur Machen. Chicago: The Covici-McGee Company. \$10.00.

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